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The Gist of It

BACK of the murders of hard-coal miners at Pittston, Pennsylvania, lies a tangled social situation. There is the fight between factions of the United Mine Workers, arising out of the contract system under which a group of miners work for a contractor at wages and under conditions which they think are unfair. There is the rebel leader, turned conservative when he came into power. There is the unimaginative management which assigns to a contractor a job it ought to do itself. There is the solid settlement of Sicilians, scarcely touched by the American community, used to settling their differences by direct personal action. And there is the wretched muddle of the whole industry of mining coal, the under-employment which gives men less than a living at nominally high wages, the recurrent bitter strikes, the lack of cooperation between union and operator, the growing use of substitutes for anthracite.

To get at the facts in a situation which has produced four murders in two months, The Survey commissioned BEN M. SELEKMAN to go to Pittston. His article, page 151, rests on a solid background of studies in industrial relations. As a staff member of the Russell Sage Foundation, he made the reports (with Mary Van Kleeck) on the operation of the Rockefeller plan in Colorado. He is also the author of the reports on the operation of the Canadian Disputes Act and of the forward-looking partnership plan in the Dutchess Bleachery. He recently returned from making a study of industrial relations in England and Germany, the report of which he plans to have published in the fall, and has joined the staff of the Labor Bureau, Inc., in N w York.

THE girl tribe, 1928 model, want to swim, drive a car, earn money and spend it, laugh, stay up late without showing it, have as many boys at their heels as possible. They love mother, but they seldom admire her, for while she is a dear she is even more an innocent. Yet with all their hard realism they leave a good taste in the mouth and they make a better fist of it than their cramped and wavering elders. ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE knows them in great numbers—in college, at work, at play, and defiantly present before her as referee of the Juvenile Court of Cleveland. Page 156.

WHEN a factory—or a church, for that matter—gets too large for one man to handle alone, the manager must split up executive functions among his assistants, who thus become externalized functions of the boss' own executive brain. These men contribute largely to the success of the enterprise and want a direct share in its fortunes. So it is that in the Leeds and Northrup plant at Philadelphia, democracy in industry began at the top. ROBERT W. BRUÈRE writes (page 160) another of his searching interviews "with a Quaker employer in his factory." In common with the others, it is based on the quick give and take of a conversation between the two, taken down by a stenographer. Mr. Bruère is an associate editor of The Survey in charge of the Industry Department.

HOW can we cheapen doctoring without cheapening doctors? Yesterday, today and tomorrow, the fundamental things in medical care are the skill and personality of the devoted men who make up the medical profession. Yet these men must have the modern tools of their profession, and the tools are very expensive. How provide them in a way to keep down the cost to the patient? MICHAEL M. DAVIS discusses a point vital to a generation which is not content to be treated when sick but has set itself a positive goal of health and well-being. Mr. Davis writes from long experience in health work. At present he is consultant of the Associated Out-Patient Clinics Committee, New York. Page 164.

NEXT month, in the June Graphic, ELIZABETH IRWIN, psychologist and teacher, will tell of the striking success with which she and her co-workers have applied the theories and practices of the private "new" schools in a public school on New York's crowded East Side. To the story of the Danish folk schools, made familiar to Survey readers by Joseph K. Hart's brilliant articles, JOHN KIRKPATRICK adds a stirring American chapter—how a Danish folk school in a wooded Michigan countryside has been taken over by a group of educators, who plan to give to fifty young American grown-ups the enriching experience of study, group discussion, group life, and contact with rich personalities, not for credits or mere gain but for the satisfaction of learning and growing. JOHN TROXELL, formerly director of education for the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, describes the experience of Pennsylvania workers in a state-wide program of workers' education, and their use of the union meeting as forum and classroom. A group of leaders in various fields of professional education contribute a sheaf of brief articles indicating the newer trends in the training of young teachers, nurses, social workers, home economists, ministers, lawyers and doctors.

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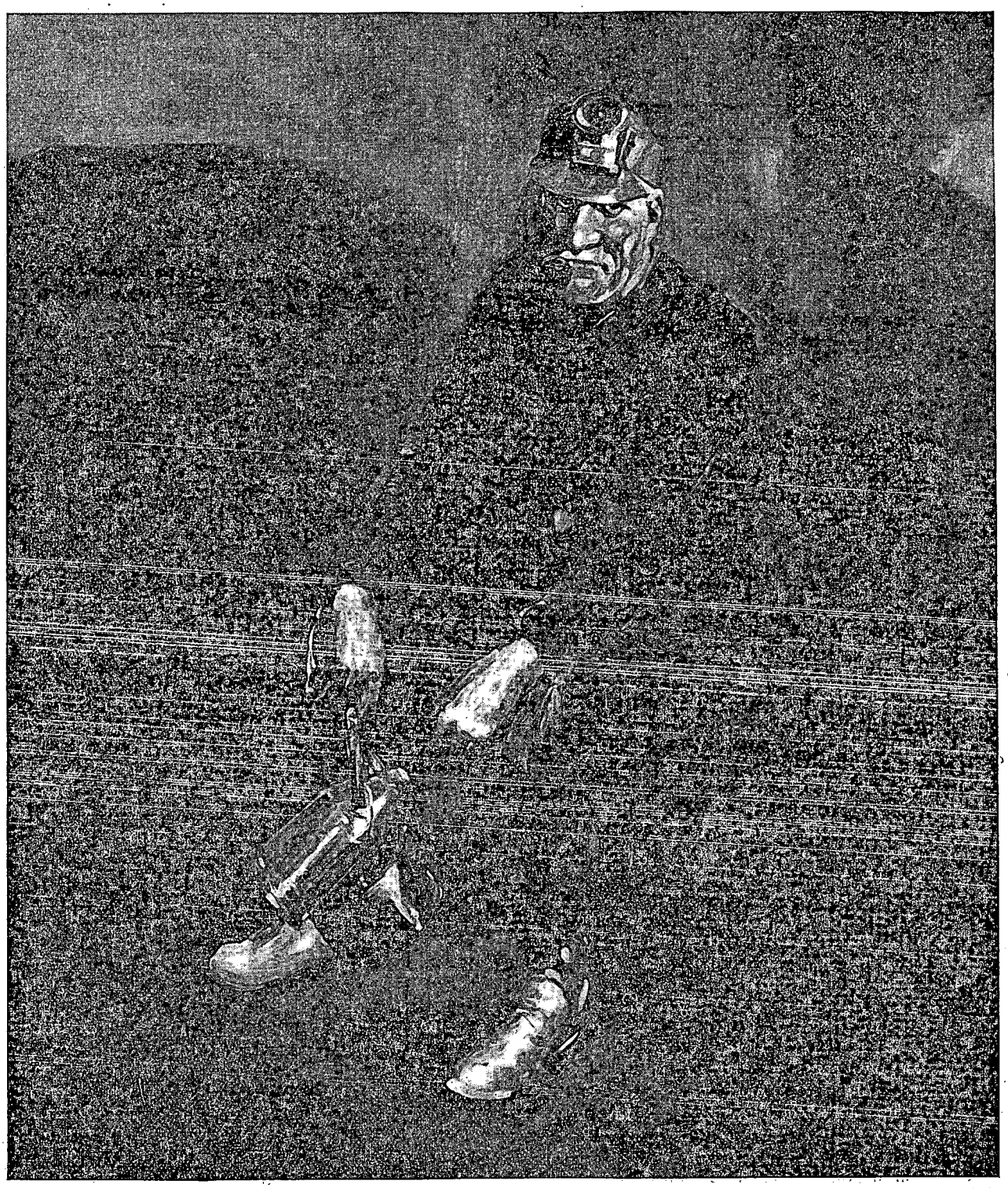

Courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery, New York

COAL MINER

From the painting by George Luks

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THE SURVEY
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Miners and Murder

What Lies Back of the Labor Feud in Anthracite

By BEN M. SELEKMAN

FOUR miners shot to death and one seriously wounded since January 18; half a dozen more men marked for killing—Pittston, Pennsylvania, adds another grim tragedy to the history of human relations in coal, already bleak with Ludlow and Columbine, Logan County and Herrin. But this most recent chapter has this variation: Pittston does not present the familiar struggle of wage-earners against employers. That conflict, too, is there, but rather in the background. In the foreground, union men are pitted against union men. It is an internecine feud, with causes reaching back to Philadelphia and Indianapolis, to Washington and Sicily, to you and me.

To outsiders like ourselves, Thomas Lillis, Frank Agati, Sam Grecco, Peter Reilly, Alec Campbell are mere names from the masses who work in obscurity; in Pittston they personified issues (not always sharply drawn) and are dead because of the stand they took on one side or the other. Lillis, Grecco, Reilly and Campbell were insurgent members of Local No. 1703, United Mine Workers of America—Campbell, the leader, the other three men his friends and followers. Frank Agati was a district organizer of the miners' union and a close friend and follower of Rinaldo Cappellini, president of District No. 1, United Mine Workers of America.

The central figures in the drama are Rinaldo Cappellini and Alec Campbell, once friends in a common fight; bitter toward each other when Campbell died.

Alec Campbell had been born in Pittston of Scotch parentage. An easy-going, smiling, generous yet militant person, he was beloved by business men as well as workers. Starting to work in the mines as a stripling, he early became an active leader in the union's fights for improved conditions. Following 1924, for two years he represented his district on the International Board of the United Mine Workers in Indianapolis. Locally he served the men as checkweighman. Even his enemies say that Campbell was incorruptible, saint-like, but, they sometimes add, like all saints, a fool.

Rinaldo Cappellini was born in Italy. He, too, had worked in the mines of Pennsylvania as a stripling. At fourteen a mine car ran over him, cut off his right arm at the shoulder and two fingers of his left hand. Handsome, emotional, a brilliant orator, he could and did arouse his fellow-countrymen in the labor struggles of 1920, when he and Campbell fought side by side. In 1924 he was elected president of District No. 1.

The story of how he and Campbell broke, and of why he is denounced by men who formerly idolized him is the story of present-day Pittston.

Pittston lies half way between Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, in the northern end of Luzerne County. Twenty thousand men and women live in it; several suburban boroughs hold 10,000 more. About one-third are Italian, mainly Sicilian, banked almost solidly in one end of the town. Built on the slope of a hill, the whole town has a disheveled appearance. It is a typical mining community, rows of frame houses, gutted streets, muddy alleys. Through its heart runs the Laurel Line, connecting it with Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, on a twenty-minute schedule. Its main street is dotted with small stores, poolrooms, motion-picture houses, and here and there a "tea-room," the name sarcastically conferred by the miners upon the bars in which they openly get their beer and whiskey. Around the town rise a half dozen gaunt shafts, breakers and tipples; and in the distance gigantic banks of culm, dull and gray.

THE pervading attitude toward life and property is that of a western mining town in the early days of the gold rush. Shootings, dynamitings and other major crimes are frequent occurrences. Records have not been kept, but I am told by a leading citizen that, to his knowledge, more than thirty men have been murdered since 1919 in the immediate vicinity. The present mayor was elected to office in 1926 on the slogan, "Gillespie or Gunmen."

The bread and butter of the town comes from the collieries of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, altogether five in number. It is in one of these, known as Number Six Colliery, that the present difficulty came to a head. The men who work in Number Six, 1,700 strong, organized in Local Union No. 1703 of the United Mine Workers, are now on strike. It is an insurgent strike, led by insurgent

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leaders, called in violation of the joint agreement with the company.

Underlying the outlaw strike in Number Six Colliery and, thus, the present turmoil in Pittston, is a struggle old in the history of anthracite and especially old in the collieries of the Pennsylvania Coal Company—the struggle against the contract system of mining. Under this system a whole section of a mine is assigned to a contractor who in turn hires the men necessary to dig and ship the coal to the surface. To the miner, resentful of abuses from which he considers himself suffering under the system, the contractor looks very much like the padrone of former days who brought him or his ancestors to this country to exploit them at a profit in American mines and factories.

Years ago, the Pennsylvania Coal Company, like so many other large companies of the time, engaged in large numbers recent immigrants from Poland, Lithuania, and Italy, to supplant older immigrants—Irish, Welsh, English, and even East Europeans—who had been here long enough to become impregnated with trade unionism as a method of protest against abuses which were common in anthracite until the effective entrance of the United Mine Workers from the bituminous field. That was in 1902. Even after other operators had accepted the union, the Pennsylvania Coal Company continued to fight bitterly every attempt to organize its employes. The old contracting system proved an effective weapon in its hands. By picking off immigrant leaders and allotting contracts to them, the company succeeded in erecting barriers in the way of the union organizers. But for a time only. The contractors, untutored men from the immigrant ranks themselves, were not slow to exploit their unwonted power for their own benefit. There was talk of graft between them and company officials. Repeating the history of contractors elsewhere, as in the sweatshops of New York and Chicago, they ground the men down, paid them low wages, drove them hard.

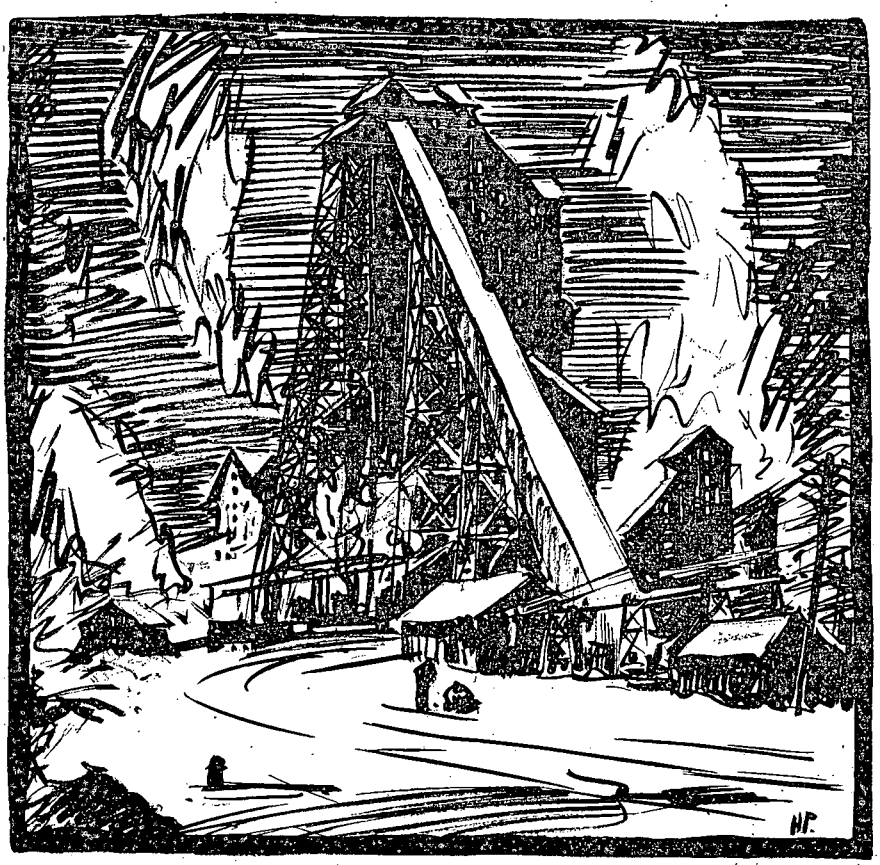
Finally in 1920 the men revolted. Ten thousand strong, they came out under the leadership of Campbell and Cappellini, the first the thoughtful strategist, the second the brilliant orator who roused the masses and kept their ranks intact. For seven months they held firm, then as now on insurgent strike. They won. The contract system was abolished, and for the first time the union secured an effective foothold in the company's mines. Before the strike a mere handful of its employes had been union members; after the strike, over 10,000 joined the union ranks in a solid block.

WITHIN the past two years the company has again introduced the contract system, holding that without it certain sections of its mines cannot be operated profitably under present-day conditions. Again, the miners say, abuses crept in and once again they were stirred to bitter resentment which filtered through the rank and file of the union. They charged that the contractors controlled the local union officials, who instead of fighting through the grievances of the men, aided and abetted the contractors in their padrone methods of exploitation. Finally on January 15 last, the present insurgents "captured" Local 1703; ousted the old officials; elected new ones friendly to their cause; and the strike was on.

Three days later the murders began in Pittston, one following another. They have been brutal to a degree. With a single exception all the victims have been ambushed and shot without a chance to defend themselves. First came Thomas Lillis, shot by two men in hiding on the evening of January 18, as he was returning from a meeting of his union. One of the supporters of Alec Campbell, he was known as a thoughtful man who without assuming office had helped work out the program for eliminating the contractors from the control of the union.

Less than a month later, on the morning of February 16, Frank Agati, district organizer and a close friend of Cappellini's, was shot and killed at the headquarters of the miners' union at Wilkes-Barre. Three officials of Local 1703, Sam Bonita, Steve Mendola and Adam Moleski, are now held in the Luzerne county jail awaiting trial upon the charge of murder. These men had called on Agati to thrash out certain differences with him. The men looked upon him as a friend of the contractors and claim that he had resisted their attempt to overturn the officials of their local union. As soon as they came into his office, there was heated discussion and presently shots. The same day Agati died of internal hemorrhage in the hospital.

Bonita claims that he shot in self-defense, that Agati had struck him in the face and pulled a revolver on him. A bullet hole was found in the wall near the



Drawing by Herbert Pullinger

"Around the town rise a half-dozen gaunt shafts, breakers and tipples; and in the distance gigantic banks of culm, dull and gray"

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place where Bonita stood. He was the only man of the three callers who had been armed and had taken two guns. Since Lillis had been shot a short while before, he had carried revolvers, he says, as a measure of precaution. Agati was reputed to be one of the best shots in the county.

Two days later, Sam Grecco, an insurgent and friend of Campbell's, was shot near his home while walking with his wife. One man held him while a second pointed a revolver at his head and fired several bullets. Grecco may recover but he will always be blind.

Ten days later Alec Campbell was shot near his home. A friend with him was also killed—a Lithuanian by the name of Sandargus, known as Peter Reilly. They met their death in the late afternoon as they were returning from Wilkes-Barre in Reilly's car after having visited Bonita, Mendola and Moleski in jail. When they had reached Railroad Street, where Campbell lived, three men in an auto drew up alongside, crowded them to the curb and opened fire. Both Campbell and Reilly died instantly.

The news of Campbell's death whipped already angry passion into a fury. The stage was set for riots, lynchings, and hand-to-hand fighting. The immediate act of the mayor was to prohibit all mass meetings (an order which resulted in the arrest of Powers Hapgood and his wife, Mary Donovan, for parading in protest against the cancellation of a meeting which they had called). Shortly afterwards union meetings were permitted again, but only under police surveillance. Each man was searched as he entered the hall and all weapons were confiscated. Even then revolvers were found hidden in pianos and under benches.

When I visited Pittston the latter part of March, the atmosphere was still tense. Men expected bullets to fly at them from hidden corners at any minute. A member of the insurgents' committee, his face haggard and wan, told me that for weeks he had sat up all night with a rifle in his hand, daring to sleep only during the day. I myself saw cartridges passed from one man to another with a knowing smile. Two of the leading contractors left town for a time, on the advice of prominent citizens that their lives were in danger. When I told people that Cappellini came to see me at the hotel alone and unguarded, they gasped with surprise.

Drawing by Herbert Pullinger

"The whole town has a disheveled appearance. It is a typical mining community, rows of frame houses, gutted streets, muddy alleys"

THE contract system, which has led to such fierce hatreds and to such brutal murder is not the usual way of mining anthracite. Ordinarily anthracite is mined by a skilled worker, licensed by the state, who drills holes, inserts powder, and loosens the coal by blasting it. To help him with setting up props, to clean the rock and slate from the coal, and to load it in small cars, he engages an assistant known as a miner's laborer. Both he and his laborer are paid rates negotiated by the union and the company, usually a piece-rate, so much per ton or yard. Under circumstances where the mining is unusually difficult, they may both be paid by a fixed day-rate.

The contract system changes all this. Although nominally in all things and actually for some purposes the miner and his laborer remain employes of the company, in daily reality they become employes of the contractor. Thus while the company continues responsible under the law in matters concerning workmen's compensation, it is the contractor who pays them their wages and sets the pace at which they must work. He enjoys a free hand in developing the particular area assigned to him. He supplies his own machinery and hires his own laborers, anywhere from a dozen to a hundred. He pays them all on a day basis. He himself is paid on a tonnage basis. The greater the margin he establishes between the amount he receives from the company for a day's production and the amount he pays his men for a day's work, the greater his profits.

To the men the contract system is an unmitigated evil. Its abuses go to the very heart of their earnings and their status. On the one hand, the independent miners working on their own, charge that the contractor gets the best sections of the mine. As they are paid on a tonnage basis, the thickness of the seam, the ease with which it can be mined, the presence or absence of rock or water, all affect their net wage. Again, they charge, foremen allot a disproportionate number of cars to the contractor and without adequate cars they cannot send coal to the surface.

On the other hand, the men who work for the contractor contend that, although they are supposed to receive union rates, he actually pays what he pleases, and if they object they are told they will be fired. They further accuse the contractor with driving them. The contract system goes against the established work habits of the miner. As a piece worker he is independent and cherishes his freedom. When he has loaded two, three or four cars he may knock off. Once he hires out to a contractor, he is no longer his own master, and is compelled to work a full eight-hour day and to work at the pace which the contractor sets for the whole crew.

Finally, the contract system, all the men complain, leads to

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corruption. They charge that in order to secure the best seams and a large supply of cars, the contractors bribed foremen, assistant foremen and drivers; that in order to speed up the work they paid extra wages to some miners; and—the crowning outrage—to prevent any grievances from being filed and fought through, they got control of the local union by seeing to it that their friends were elected to office. I was told by two young miners that they were offered substantial sums if they would cease their agitation against the contract system in the meetings of Number 1703. But inasmuch as the contractors control a large number of jobs, they are able, without offering bribes, to exert pressure on the men employed by them to vote for their candidates.

Photograph by J. E. Russell

Rinaldo Cappellini, President of District No. 1, United Mine Workers of America "was born in Italy. He, too, had worked in the mines of Pennsylvania as a stripling. At fourteen a mine car ran over him, cut off his right arm at the shoulder and two fingers of his left hand. Handsome, emotional, a brilliant orator, he could and did arouse his fellow-countrymen in the labor struggles of 1920 when he and Campbell fought side by side. . . . The story of how he and Campbell broke, and of why he is denounced by men who formerly idolized him is the story of present-day Pittston"

About the contract system and the grounds of their fierce opposition to it, then, a majority of the miners are agreed. But curiously enough not once has any Pittston miner brought one of their numerous grievances before either the management or the adjustment machinery established for just such contingencies in the labor agreement with the company, not once though all their union officials from Rinaldo Cappellini to John L. Lewis have combined in urging them to do so. Indeed, the trouble in Pittston had its immediate origins in a situation entirely outside the main issue of contracting. It began last summer, when the Pennsylvania Coal Company called in the district union officials to consider Number Six Shaft of Number Six Colliery, where, the company said, it had lost during the last half year no less than $85,000. Unless some relief were obtained either through reduction in wages, change in the method of payment, or the introduction of the contract system, the management stated that it would be forced to close down this particular shaft. The contracting system was not in operation there at that time, although it had been installed in the other three shafts of Number Six Colliery.

A joint committee representing the district union and the company visited the workings and seemed to approach a possible adjustment; but it could not secure the cooperation of the men. In December, the company finally closed the shaft down. Four hundred men found themselves without work. It was these men who, in a solid phalanx, marched into union meetings, overthrew the old officials of 1703 and elected new ones. Then the murders began. Fearing that unless a settlement could be reached the victims might be multiplied, Cappellini and other union officials arranged a meeting with the company before the district conciliation board. This body, composed of one representative from each side, adjusts disputes within the district when all prior methods have failed. By the time the board met on March 1, the murders had all taken place. Desperate, and convinced of the importance of getting the men back to work, the union officials pled with the management to reopen the mine. They based their appeal on humanitarian grounds—the murders must be stopped. After some discussion the board recommended and the management agreed to reopen the mine for a period of thirty days, to be devoted to further investigation. But the employes rejected this proposal, arguing that inasmuch as the mine was working only three days a week, the period was too short to give valid results.

FOR the first time this meeting of Local 1703 brought out their real grievance. "We will not return to work," they said, "unless and until the contract system is abolished." By this time the men from the three other shafts of Colliery Number Six had also walked out on strike. The one thousand seven hundred men stood clearly and solidly together for the abolition of the contractors, as they had done in 1920.

But the district officials did not give up. They next referred the case to the Board of Conciliation for the whole anthracite industry, which receives for adjustment such grievances as the district boards have been unable to settle. Like them, it is equally representative of the miners and the operators, three members being appointed from each side. After considering the case on March 15, the board recommended that Shaft Number Six be reopened for thirty full working days—even if it meant two months or a longer period—so as to permit sufficient time for an adequate investigation. As for the contract system, the board expressed a willingness to consider at an early date any grievance on that score if filed, as provided for in the agreement, by a miner or group of miners after they had returned to work.

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But even this decision did not placate the men. They remained on strike. Their next move was an attempt to persuade all the employes of the Pennsylvania Coal Company—about ten thousand men—to strike with them for the elimination of the contractor in all the company's mines. In this they failed. Instead, grievance committees from about thirty local unions, including those employes of the company elsewhere, joined hands in a demand for a special district convention to inquire into the murders and to consider generally the whole situation.

THIS convention President Cappellini has so far refused to call. Meanwhile, on March 26, he and the executive board of District Number One met with the International officials of the United Mine Workers in Washington. As a result President Lewis wired the officials of Local 1703 urging them to call off the strike, to return to work, and to present their grievances against the contractors through the regular channels provided in the agreement; at the same time he promised that the district as well as the national officials would do all in their power to cooperate in abolishing the contract system. Thus far the men have refused to call off the strike.

What explains the stubborn refusal of the men to abide by their constitution and their agreements? Why the tragic misunderstanding between the rank and file and their elected leaders? Why was so long-standing and widely recognized a grievance as the contracting system permitted to crystallize into such passion and hatred? Unravel the strands, human, economic, social, which have become so twisted and snarled in Pittston and you have the answer.

Thirty-six per cent, or more than one-third, of all the workers engaged in Number Six Colliery come from Italy, almost entirely from Sicily. To them the contract system is a symbol of their old bondage, of the years when they were forced to work in the mine for wages and under conditions against which they were helpless to protest.

As a people, again, they are proud and with their pride goes jealousy. It so happens that all of the contractors in Number Six Colliery are Italians. In justification the management urges that Italians can best handle Italian labor.

Photograph by J. E. Russell

The funeral of Campbell, "who remained the idol of Pittston and in death became a martyr"

But what happens? No one denies—although the exact figures are not available—that the contractor makes a handsome profit. Frequently he does very little work in the mine; when he does, his duties are those of a gang-foreman, easy work in the eyes of the man who actually drills and loads the coal. Fellow-Italians who may have come in the same steerage with him, penniless as they were, see him now well-dressed, living in a spacious home of his own, wearing expensive jewelry, driving about in a high-powered car, becoming a political influence in the community. Bitter jealousy and rivalry stir the Italian patch. Feuds develop. Feuds bring bloodshed.

For in their island home, the vendetta was the normal recourse. Living compactly in Pittston, with no effort by native Americans to create a new neighborliness in a new country, ignorant in the ways of American justice, they have kept up their old-country ways of living, thinking and feeling. Death to the enemy is their idea of justice and retribution. The fight, moreover, must be kept within the group. Although the theory that gunmen hired by contractors did the shooting is firmly advanced, not in one single case save that of Agati, where three insurgents voluntarily gave themselves up, have the murderers been apprehended. The Pittston police say that (*Continued on page* 192)

Photograph by J. E. Russell

Alec Campbell, leader of the insurgents, on a picnic with his family before he was murdered on February 28

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The Girl Tribe—an Anthropological Study

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Drawings by Helen B. Phelps

The scientist studies a specimen of the race

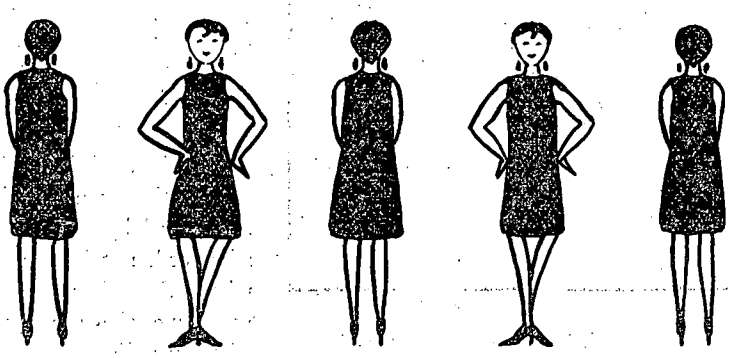
ANTHROPOLOGY (in case you don't know) is defined as the science of the human race—its origin, its behavior and its habits of thought. Just as a trained botanist gazes through his microscope without exhorting his specimen to be other than it is, so the anthropologist makes notes on the customs of strange people but declines to moralize over them. In fact, instead of protesting against what he sees, he often describes the most appalling social behavior with considerable relish. "Aha!" he whispers from his ambush under a cocoanut tree, "they seem to be drowning the mother-in-law at this wedding, instead of burying her alive as on yesterday's island. With a few more ceremonies I shall soon have enough data for my new book." That is how he looks at it. Science for science's sake. He stretches out no hand to change a tribal custom. He merely asks it to sit and have its picture taken.

In the spirit of this care-free inquiry, to which the best is like the worst, we shall attempt to describe The Girl Tribe, 1928 model, as some few thousands of its members have performed their antics before our eyes in college, conference, court, and general society. To be as scientific as possible with an extremely active and varied specimen, we shall proceed in the orderly fashion which all anthropologists adopt when they focus their binoculars on a fresh jungle.

Their notes would possibly run something like this:

The Tribe
Physical appearance
Language
Home life
Marriage customs
Education and occupations
Money
Requirements and taboos
Elders of the tribe
Philosophy
General reflections

Any one who covered all these points relative to a cannibal island, would have written a fairly ponderous volume. We must condense it into shorter space, and hurry on.



Girls are undeniably good-looking, and they all look exactly alike

Observations on the first point indicate undeniably that girls are good-looking. All in all, they are probably better looking than any others of the race. And they all look exactly alike. Experience has taught us that in a court room it is entirely unsafe to depend upon one's intuitions as to which is the defendant. If we turn to the most guilty looking, and start encouragingly, "Well, my dear, what is the matter?" the answer will probably be, "Excuse me, but I am not the prisoner. I am a senior from the university, collecting material for a thesis." Standardization of dress and of taste has reached such a point, that a debutante may look like a thief, and a neat little murderess—whose recorded words as she was arrested were, "Hey Eddie, pump him full of lead!"—looks like a serious young bride on her way to market. If we hunt for differences among the tribe, it must be in some other quarter than their hats, their haircuts, or their hose.

They not only look alike but they use very much the same language. It is not necessary to adopt a different dialect when shifting from a collegiate or club audience to that of the reformatory. In fact one does so at one's peril. Simplicity of terms, and an absence of what all groups designate as "hot air," is apparently the vernacular. They are not easily dazzled by words. Most of them are impressed by no language except what is humorous, or what they call "brass tacks." Comedy or realism—one or the other. This in marked contrast to their mothers, who often show as determined a tendency to shy away from either a joke, or these so-called "tacks," as their daughters to get at them. "It looks so middle-class," objects a shuddering mother. "We *are* middle-class. Why not look so?" retorts the daughter cheerfully. "My daughter left

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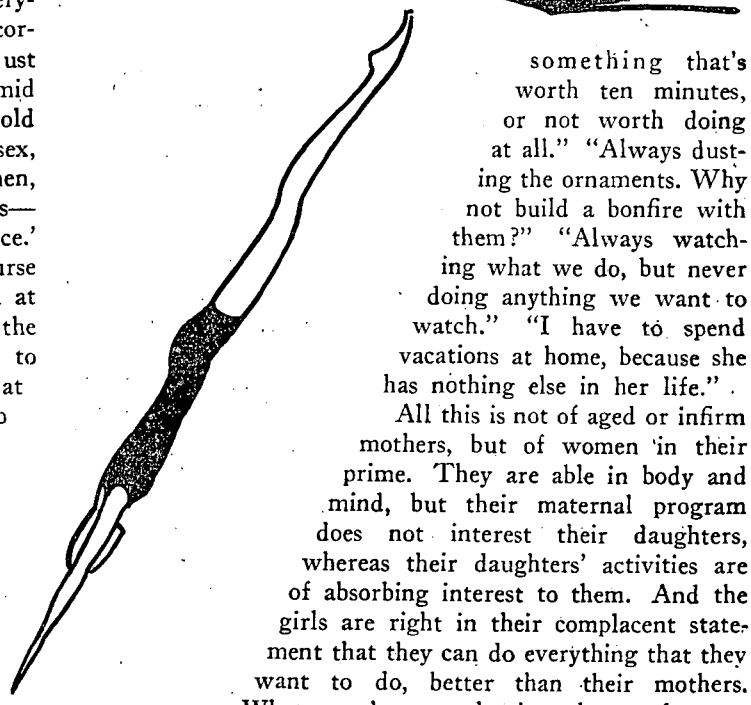
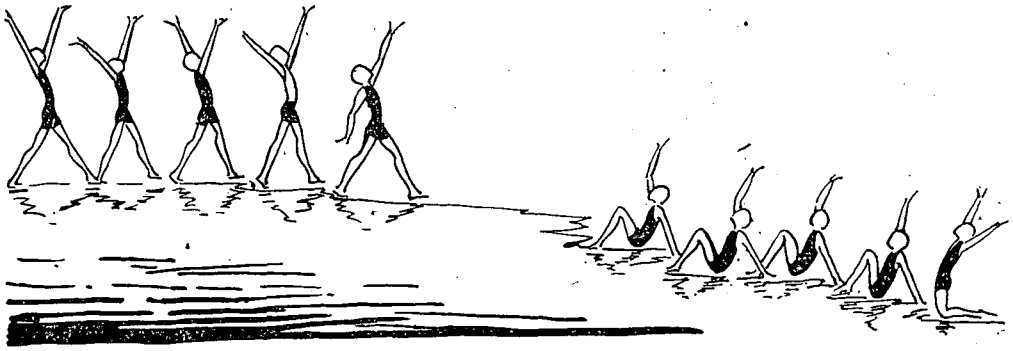
school because the doctor said the eye-strain was too great," explains the loyal parent. "I left because I flunked everything in sight, and was too big a dub to bother with," corrects the more accurate daughter. A student who had just taken a college course in psychology from a somewhat timid instructor, made the following comment: "We girls told her she had to say something about the psychology of sex, so she talked an hour with her eyelids drooping. Then, with no chance to ask questions, she wound up with this—'After all, girls, what you all want from a man is reverence.' What we want is *reverence?* My eye! We took a course in psychology to get that gem. And she'd been married at that." What they wanted was evidently something that the instructor was not only not able to give, but not able to grasp. The two ages were shouting across a chasm, at which distance the language of one was distorted into absurdity, and of the other to vulgarity. One tribe spoke in symbols and sentiments. The other grimly retorted in science and spades called spades. They had no interpreter, and the chance of understanding was nil.

As to family feeling, the members of the tribe combine great affection for their family with a determination to leave it at the earliest possible date. They love their mothers, as children have always done. But although they love her, they seldom, apparently, admire her. They say that she can do nothing that they want to do. She is affectionate but an innocent, occupied with dull tasks and helpless at important ones. They are strongly attached to her, but they love and laugh at her as at some fond imbecile. The movies and popular songs have crystallized the picture! Mamma is invariably set forth as worn with homely toil, wrapped sweetly in a shawl. Harmless as a dove, but a prey to serpents. "My mother doesn't understand." "She hasn't seen this sort of thing and would be shocked." "You can't talk to her without hurting her feelings." "She never did anything interesting and is scared if we do." "She wants me to join her club. Gosh, her club! My idea of nothing to do." "She is so slow. Spends half the day doing



something that's worth ten minutes, or not worth doing at all." "Always dusting the ornaments. Why not build a bonfire with them?" "Always watching what we do, but never doing anything we want to watch." "I have to spend vacations at home, because she has nothing else in her life."

All this is not of aged or infirm mothers, but of women in their prime. They are able in body and mind, but their maternal program does not interest their daughters, whereas their daughters' activities are of absorbing interest to them. And the girls are right in their complacent statement that they can do everything that they want to do, better than their mothers. What mother excels in, they refuse to do at all. The girls want to dress well and look pretty. They succeed admirably, and their mothers vainly attempt to rival them. "They're not so bad in sport clothes. But evening dress is a dead give away," commented one pitiless young critic on the row of patronesses. The description left nothing to be added. The girls want to swim, drive a car, get up affairs in a hurry, stay up late and lose sleep without showing it, hunt up a job, earn money and spend it, laugh, and have as many boys as possible at their heels. All this they do better than their mothers who sit in the background and admire them. Even when the daughter wants to excel in some more serious activity, she can usually surpass her mother, if not her younger rivals. Grant that her mother can preside at a meeting, run a campaign, and count the votes, her daughter can usually do the same and lose less sleep over it. Not long ago the girls in a college choir faced the congregation in the midst of their Sunday anthem, when the soprano, just before her solo, whispered to the next girl, "I am going to faint, you have got to sing it." Without comment, her neighbor stepped in front of her while the soprano made her escape, sang the solo which she had never practiced, risking the amazement of the director and the chance of making a failure of it. The rest of the choir fell into line, never betraying by a glance that anything was out of order.



The girls want to swim, drive a car, earn money and spend it, laugh, stay up late and lose sleep without showing it, get up affairs in a hurry. All this they do better than their mothers, who sit in the background and admire them. What mothers excel in, they refuse to do at all

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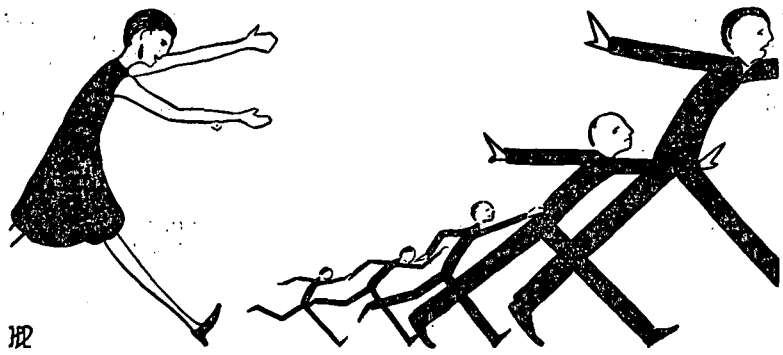


They always hoped to marry. Now they are determined

The listeners suspected nothing. How many mothers in the audience would have had the skill or the assurance? They might be better cooks—but who wants to cook? Better seamstresses—but who wants to sew? Have a keener eye for spots on the wallpaper, or more accurately distinguish veal from lamb—but as one girl said, "You can hire a good Swede to do all that!"

All this is a complete reversal of the tradition that wisdom resides in the elders of the tribe, to whom the younger members must look for advice and patterns of behavior. In more primitive society this is not a tradition. It is a fact. The little Greek islanders marvel at their grandmother's incredible speed with the spindle. They cluster around the proud old lady, and try in vain to imitate her. She has had a sixty-year start. The child of the South Seas admires the graceful dive of her parents into the surf, the grandfather's dexterity in catching fish, the grandmother's adroitness in making an oven, a blanket, or a decorated kettle. All these operations are skillful, and the children are always novices in the presence of master workmen. A girl from the circus boasted, "The first thing I remember is seeing my grandmother stand on her head on a pony racing round the sawdust. The audience went wild and so did I. I wanted to be like her." She *wanted* to be like her grandmother! What chance has grandmother to challenge imitation in the modern family? The contemporary girl does not want, of all things, to be like her. The situation in a nutshell.

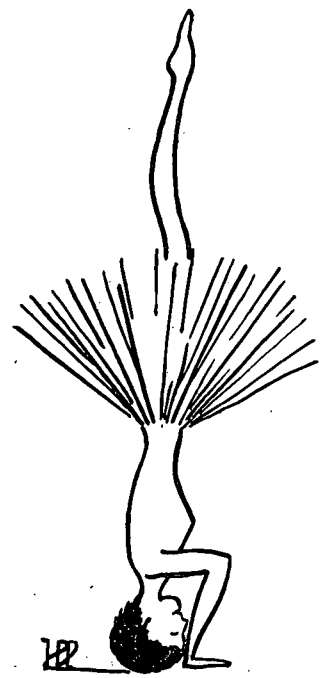
NOT long ago, the occupant of a perambulator which we were wheeling, insisted upon making overtures to a young lady of about her own age, who was walking beside her mother. "Your baby walks very well," we ventured, as the infants stared. "She stands on her head just as well," was the complacent answer. "On her head? You must be in the circus," we gasped enviously. "Her father is on the road," she admitted. "Of course he practices every evening, and the baby could balance on her head as soon as she could walk. She's better at it now than I am." We saw the picture perfectly. Supper over, the agile father shoved the table back, and presto, the trio were on their heads. All doing something that the neighbors could not do. No danger that circus or stage children will desert the ways of their clan; their admiration too young is fed upon parental exploits. Booth once said, "I never had to learn Shakespeare. I just stood in the wings and admired my parents. When I was old enough to act myself, I knew the lines." Contrast with this the child of the average mother whose utmost skill is directed to telephoning the grocer, running a carpet sweeper, or shopping for ready-made clothes. These occupations dazzle neither her daughter nor her granddaughter. They can do as well.

As one girl remarked indulgently of the mother of a friend, "Oh, she's a good egg. A kind of a good old wagon!" But "good old wagons" are not very stimulating. They do not allure high-mettled young racers. So they break their mothers' hearts, and turn to Gilda Gray or Gloria Swanson—the only women they know of who are not "wagons." Useless to insist that the youthful imagination should not demand the vitamin of professional work well done. Imagination is what it is, and Pegasus must have wings. If it cannot feed upon the best, it will seek the second best. If mother declines to dazzle, then Hollywood and the sporting page must supply the lack.

Father's appeal is not much more striking. But he does not worry about it as much as his wife. He frankly admires his daughter, but is baffled by her. His advice is proffered at intervals, and is sometimes taken. Among the poorer classes, he appreciates his daughter's earning capacity and takes her wages. In the middle and upper classes, he dotes on her and leaves her alone. As to brothers and sisters, they are very important in the family circle. Every girl seems capable of an immense amount of jealousy as to her brother's rights, and her sister's accomplishments. "*She's* the angel child! *She's* always all right and I'm all wrong." "Of course *he* can leave home, but because I'm a girl I have to stay and keep them company."

"She's better looking, so *she's* the main cheese, and gets all the clothes." "Mother likes him better than she does me. *He* can get away with murder." The wisdom of Solomon is apparently necessary to dole out even-handed justice, and parents being but human often fail, according to the testimony of their daughters. But after all, the family into which the girl is born will last but a few years. The future family which she hopes to create is the all-important object of her dreams. It seems odd that it needed Freud to tell us that the sex interests of children begin long before adolescence. The phenomenon is directly under our noses. The following pertinent correspondence was rescued from the waste-basket by an observant school teacher, pasted together in what appeared to be the original order, and presented to the parents of the boy to be preserved for his twenty-first birthday—he and his "girl friend" being seven at the time:

I luv you (*in the erratic handwriting of the male*)
Do you (*brisk and very legible*)
I feel I'm going to spon (*spoon?*)
(*Very demure. Nothing to say. Asterisks!*)
When will you merry me
May 1 1930 (*clear and decided*)



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I like Ellen too (*his great mistake*)
I hate you (*her pencil well licked for this retort of a woman scorned*)

Seven years old! But the boy already philandering between two loves. And the girl with the date of her wedding on the tip of her tongue. Why social pessimists are so alarmed lest girls no longer marry, is to us a constant mystery. It appears that they never intended to do so so firmly. They always hoped. Now they are determined. In fact we should advise all of their male contemporaries who hope to remain single to join the navy!

A year or two ago a girl just out of college and discussing with us a possible position, remarked, "I want to work here for a year or two until I marry. Then I may have to move." This proviso was repeated so often, that we asked to meet her financé. She stared in surprise. "I am not engaged to any one," she said. "I haven't even any one in sight. I just intend to marry." To her credit be it said that she has carried out her plan and selected an excellent husband.

They want as many boys at their heels as possible

SOMEWHAT lower in the social scale, an attractive young girl who had been caught in a raid explained her presence in dubious company as follows: "I went to the rink where he'd promised to meet me, but he didn't come. Then they gave me two tickets to the dance. But still he didn't come. So I taxied to his rooms to get him. I found some other guys there who were drunk. So that's how they got me." "But don't you ever let your 'boy friends' get away, even if they want to? Do you always hunt them with a gun?" we inquired, full of sympathy for the escort who had vainly tried to escape to his jungle. "I knew he would enjoy it, if I once got him, free tickets and all," she explained, adding simply, and not so irrelevantly as it sounds, "he's a good-looking guy!" It's all very well for the Prince of Wales or Lindbergh—who can flee, respectively, to a castle or a cloud—to make good their escape. But the young men who must live on the same planet with the sisters of their friends may as well make up their minds to the inevitable. As a statistical but slightly muddled young speech-maker announced in our hearing, "A third of the girls in our shop are married, and four thirds of them plan to be!" She hardly overstated it.

And these girls not only plan to attach a husband, but to have children—about three. Shaw, in 1903, may have written Man and Superman as a satire. But in 1928 it is the sober truth. The female of the species is looking for a mate. And she is feathering her nest for her young. A friend who was recently sending a wedding present from the shop, asked for a gift card that did not say "Congratulations" on it. "You congratulate the groom," she laughed, "but it is hardly proper to congratulate the bride." "I know you shouldn't," admitted the saleslady, "but I don't know why not," she mused; "I tell you it's a long hard struggle. I think a girl ought to be congratulated if she wins out." But with all their relentless plans, the girls are just. At a certain conference, an earnest little blonde told her audience, "I think that we educated girls ought to have six children." But she was laughed to scorn. "Six?" they jeered. "Who will support them?" Six is too many to ask a man to support. But three he must make up his mind to, they have decided. They will keep a job and support themselves the rest of the time. But during the infancy of the three, he must bend to his task. Sometimes they can help him out even then. Recently a young bride we know of, won a three-hundred-dollar prize for an exhibition dance, in an amateur contest. She raced into the office cloakroom, that high altar of all confidences, and shook her check: "I got the prize," she shouted exultingly. "Now Jim and I can have a baby!" So now and then Jim is relieved of the necessity of supporting either wife or baby, if his wife is sufficiently accomplished. Scare-heads on girls to the contrary notwithstanding, we find them much more interested in planning for children than their "boy friends." The latter love their babies when they are born. But the pastime of planning for them very far in advance, leaves the average young and impecunious Jim rather cold. In any case, why argue about the right and wrong of birth control? The only ones likely to be raising a family from now on, have made up their minds: Six is too many. Three is about right. The girl will do what she can, and Jim must do the rest. The question is settled.

She remembered seeing her circus grand-mother stand on her head in the ring. She wanted to be like her

It must be understood that an abstract love of an independent income is not all that is at the basis of this arrangement. Rather is it a wage-earning experience, coupled with a complete disapproval of the way that the tribal parents have managed their money affairs. "Always worrying about money." "Dad is always scrapping about the price of food. He just doesn't know how much it costs to run the place." "Mother hasn't any comeback. She can't draw a check. Doesn't know how." "Gee, I'll never tease my husband for a nickel the way my mother has to argue with Dad." "Poor Dad, he'd give her money if he could, but he's never out of debt." "Mother ought to have had her teeth fixed long ago, but she hates to ask for the money. How about Dad's cigars?" "When Dad buys Mother a present, he just goes out and gets it. If she ever wants to give him one, she has to save it out of the housekeeping purse." "Of course Mother doesn't understand about money. That's why we never got ahead." "I can go out and earn money, but Mother doesn't know how. So she has to put up with things." Or of a working mother, "She has to pay it all on the mortgage. She never gets to spend a cent of what she earns, the way she wants to." Or, "She raised eight of us, and now she's got a job and gets paid for what she used to do for nothing. It's the first money she could ever spend, and she's as tickled as a kid."

A more disgruntled set of young people on money matters, it would be hard to find. (*Continued on page* 197)

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THE MACHINE-MADE PEACE PATTERN

Scissors picture by Martha Bensley Bruère

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Democratizing the Boss

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Scissors pictures by Martha Bensley Bruère

A SMALL make-shift shop in the second story of an old building, dedicated to the manufacture of electrical measuring instruments for a market still so largely hypothetical that its first owner, facing bankruptcy, was glad to have Morris E. Leeds take it off his hands—that was the beginning of the modern Leeds & Northrup works in Philadelphia, which are the scene of my encounters "with a Quaker Employer in his Factory."

One of the workmen who was there at the time, remembers the place as comically crude. Only a few shelves separated the shop from the chief executive's office. There was almost no machine equipment, and no organized flow of work through the factory. "My first assignment," he tells me, "was to finish a job that a former employe had started on twenty-five independent vibrators. I was amazed when I got that job. Five or six of the vibrators had been finished. They had been made and put together by one man, one at a time. Similar parts had been made all different sizes, shapes and forms. I found I needed a pair of small bench-lever shears; there wasn't one in the shop. We didn't have any kind of machine for sawing metal or insulating sheets; we had to use a carpenter's saw. There was an old punch press but somebody decided it was no use and it disappeared. There were practically no standard parts. If an instrument got out of order, the customer had to send it back for repair. We had no standard parts to send him.

Of course, he went on to explain, there was no mass production, no systematic coordination of effort, no team work. Today, hundreds of men and women in the new factory with its full machine equipment, while they work on separate standardized parts, work in unison like the members of an orchestra.

These impromptu reminiscences of Mr. Roth, who is now shop engineer in charge of production methods, epitomize the history of machine industry during the past 150 years. His description of the life in the first Leeds & Northrup factory reveals that splitting up of the skills of the all-around craftsman which has been the central preoccupation of economists from Adam Smith's day to our own. Because the machine not only destroyed the traditional all-around craftsman but also undermined the culture which we associate with him, it acquired the reputation of a monster with a diabolic biological existence independent of the will of man and dominant over him. Only recently have we begun to take account of that process of human reintegration which Mr. Roth identifies with the factory of today and in which some of us see the hope of our industrial civilization.

That century-long process of division and reintegration which we associate with the machine, finds its most striking illustration in the case of the chief executive. For it is not the skills of the old-time craftsman only that have been affected by the increasing use of machinery; the executive brain has also been subdivided, functionalized and reintegrated.

When he first went into business for himself, Morris Leeds as owner-manager was his own factory superintendent, his own treasurer, his own purchasing agent, his own salesman. Today, each of these major executive functions, as well as many minor subdivisions of them, are exercised by separate individuals. The men who perform parts of his total executive function are like externalized lobes of his own executive brain. They are separate individuals. To be effective, they need to have a large degree of freedom and initiative, and yet unless they work and think in perfect adjustment to himself, his own initiative and effectiveness are paralyzed.

It was the painful consciousness of this vivisection of his own executive authority that at first worried him much more than the dismemberment of the old craft skills, and made him suspect a serious lack in the scheme of ideas of the English Quakers, who, when they preached industrial democracy, "visualized an ownership and visualized wage workers but said nothing about the in-between group—factory superintendents, accountants, planning engineers, foremen—who, if you were going to proceed in the direction of democratic management, were the ones who would logically be the first to be taken in."

This approach to industrial self-government from the executives at the top instead of from the rank and file at the bottom, runs counter to the cardinal principles of democratic fundamentalism. It is finding some dramatic illustration in the world of political government today. What are the practical arguments adduced in its support? By what means is it being put into operation? The devices with which Morris Leeds has experimented—partnership arrangements, employe stock-ownership, profit-sharing through executive bonuses—are not unique. Other employers have adopted similar devices, some more, some less far-reaching than his. Their significance is not in their uniqueness, but in the fact that they illustrate a general trend set in motion not by a philosophy of government but by the practical exigencies of mechanized industry.

MORRIS LEEDS was very young when he began his independent business career, inexperienced in the ways of the industrial world, somewhat terrified by the unpredictable hazards of a new manufacturing venture. He entertained no neat formulations of ways to start a democracy in industry or anywhere else. As a member of the Quaker community, he was conscientiously concerned to manufacture things socially useful, and as a man of distinct scientific bent, he was impatient to harness knowledge to social purpose. But his first job was to get his factory onto its financial feet, to discover the market for electrical measuring instruments, to make instruments that would be their own best salesman at a fair margin of profit. Strongly against the grain of his temperament, he decided to explore

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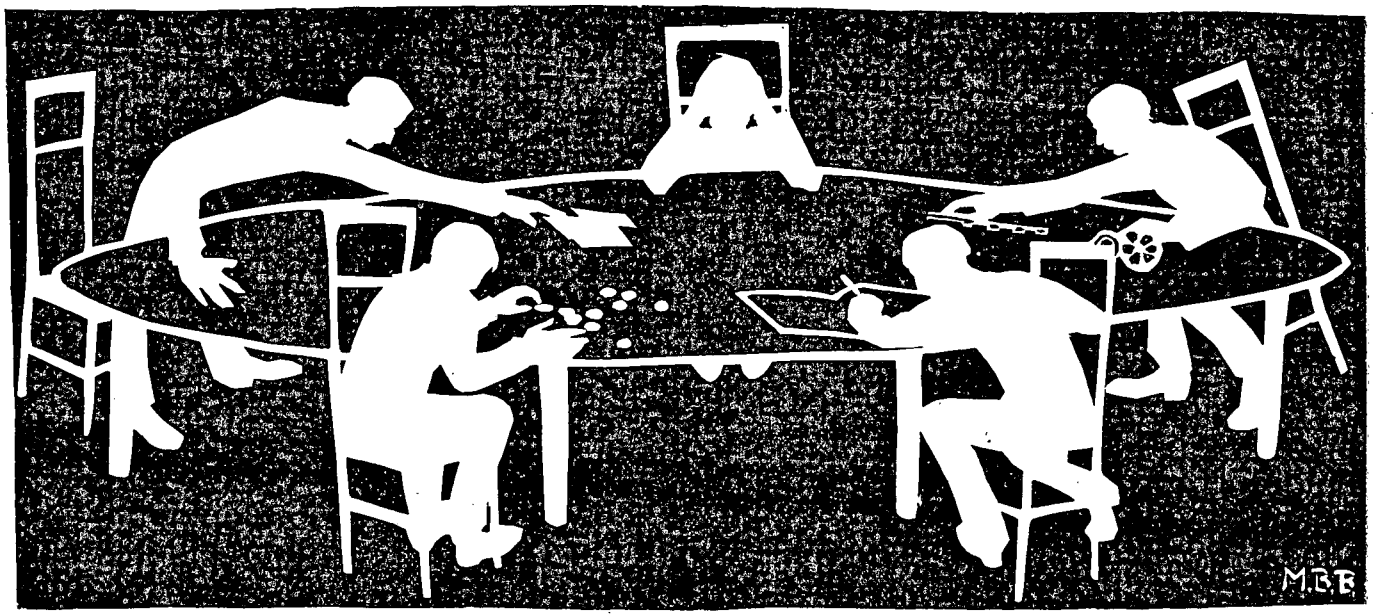

Discussing the business with his assistants, the executive is, at it were, discussing it with himself

the market for himself, to become his own sales department. This meant that he needed a person to manage the shop in his absence. Thus, even before he had developed a sufficient volume of business to warrant the large machine equipment required for mass production, he had to divide his executive brain and entrust one section of it to a partner. Straightway the germ of his later conception of the way to start a democracy in industry was born. Its growth was to be as slow and as hard beset by unforeseen difficulties as the growth of a child.

HIS own first contact with business, he had made as employe of an instrument-importing and manufacturing concern. He liked dealing with scientific instruments because their manufacture and sale kept him at the crossroads of education and industry. He wanted his life to take root in the business and so he prevailed on his father to lend him money to enable him to become a minority stockholder. This first experience as an investor gave his sense of justice a jolt from which it has never completely recovered.

"It is a curious thing, the psychology of ownership," he reflects. "I was very anxious to have that investment. I had no idea that the money my father put in there for me would give the company a stronger hold on me than it would give me on the company. It was not well managed. My investment shrank like wool in the rain, but there was nothing a small minority stockholder could do about it. When I went into business for myself and needed that money, I couldn't get it. Young men keep coming to me wanting to buy shares of our stock. I always tell them about my experience. But it has little influence upon them. They want to be owners."

The man who joined him when he became his own salesman wanted to be an owner too. Morris Leeds was determined that he would not deal with his new partner as he had been dealt with. In the event this minority stockholder should ever want to withdraw, he promised to buy his stock; and to safeguard his investment he proposed an arrangement by which, if they should disagree as to the value of the stock, they would call in an arbiter and abide by his decision. After some years but while the business was still feeling its way, his partner did decide to withdraw. They did disagree. They went to arbitration. It proved a time-wasting, nerve-racking, unsatisfactory experience, especially to Morris Leeds, who felt then, as he still feels, that the price fixed by the arbiter was unjustly high—a split-the-difference sort of decision, rather than one based on a true appraisal of the equities.

But he could not build the business alone. Machine industry makes it necessary for the owner-manager to go on dividing his executive function. He needed to have other men to work with him, to share his responsibilities; and this required a certain division of his own executive brain—a paradoxical problem—if he were to democratize it and still, as the principal owner and chief executive of the business, keep mastery over it. How could this be done?

He was still thinking in terms of property and the ownership of property rather than in terms of work. He had not yet clearly defined to himself why it was that he felt it important to share ownership with those with whom he found it necessary to share responsibility. He had not yet discovered that in our mechanized age, in our age of techniques as highly specialized as the new machines themselves, power ultimately vests in those who are masters of these techniques rather than in those to whom the traditional law accords titular ownership. So at least it seems to me as I study the record.

ACCORDINGLY after examining the experience of other concerns he consulted not a management engineer but a lawyer. "What I wanted," he explains, "was a partnership arrangement organized in the form of a stock company. I wanted to share ownership but I didn't want to be under compulsion to offer stock to everybody who by position was in the eligible class, nor to pro-rate stock according to salaries. It seemed wiser to have the chief owners select the people whom they wanted to have own stock and determine how much should be offered them, and then sell the stock to these selected people, not give it to them in the form of a bonus or anything else."

What the lawyer proposed was a trusteeship under which

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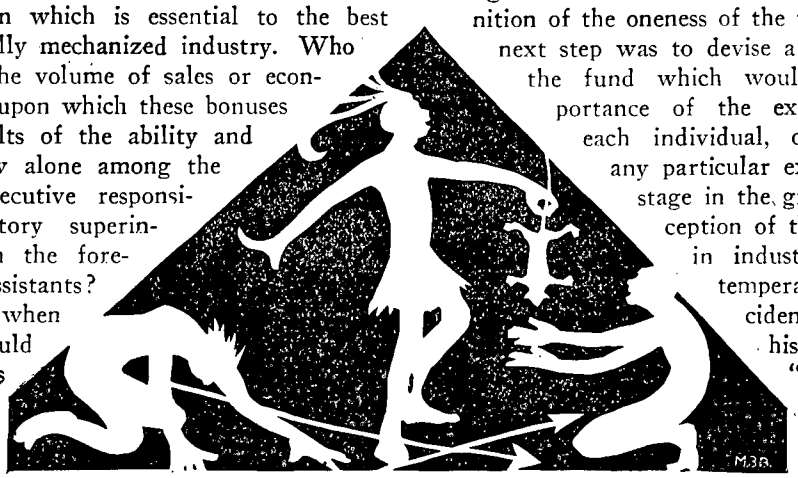
a few trustees acquired all the stock of the corporation, which they might reissue to selected individuals in three distinct forms: investors' shares which, like ordinary preferred stock and bonds, are without voice except when the business fails to meet guaranteed dividends or interest; employe shares issued only to individuals actively engaged in the business; and converted shares into which employes leaving the business must convert their common shares at a price mathematically pre-determined by the average earnings over a period of years immediately preceding their conversion. These converted shares draw a fixed and preferred dividend but, like the preferred, have no vote except when the dividend is not paid. This arrangement satisfactorily solved the problem of justice to the minority stockholder who wants his money when he withdraws from the business, but it left unsolved the larger problem whose felt, but ill-defined, pressure was the real occasion for the sharing of ownership.

Morris Leeds had imagined that under this trustee arrangement those who most intimately shared his executive function would acquire stock rapidly enough to make their dividends satisfy their sense of what was due them beyond their salaries as sharers in the owner-manager's responsibilities. "But," he told me, "I very promptly had the experience that this did not happen. The stock distribution lagged behind the *contribution to management* which the individuals made and the right which they thereby acquired to a larger share of profits than would come to them through their stock."

HERE was a new phase of the problem; not a matter of abstract justice, but something inherent in the realities of divided management.

His next step—the next step in the formulation of his conception of the way to start a democracy in industry—was to develop a bonus plan which he had already started in a tentative way with the three or four men who most obviously shared his major executive responsibilities. But again these bonuses, as it seems to me, were conceived in terms of property rather than in terms of function, although Morris Leeds raises a question at this point. They were related to the amount of money which these salaried executives figured they made for the business rather than to the character and weight of the executive responsibilities they carried. They represented the kind of profit-sharing that a wise Hunting Age chieftain might have practiced with his ablest lieutenants in war and the chase. They awakened envy, the spirit of rivalry, inter-executive competition, and failed to inspire that cooperation which is essential to the best conduct of a scientifically mechanized industry. Who could justly say that the volume of sales or economies in manufacture, upon which these bonuses were based, were results of the ability and enterprise of these few alone among the many who shared executive responsibility, from the factory superintendent down through the foremen and their shop assistants? What would happen when these favored ones would have to pass on policies good for the whole organization in the long run, but which, for the time being, would cut down the size of their bonuses? When, due to the rapid growth of the business during the War and the years immediately following, the bonus figures got wildly out of proportion to salaries, the stockholders groaned and the minor executives waxed sore. For the first time in the history of the factory, the foremen who had no share in these bonuses, held meetings outside the factory and showed symptoms of incipient revolt.



A Hunting Age chieftain shares profits with his lieutenants

INASMUCH as these foremen were receiving incomes that compared very favorably with those of foremen in similar factories in the Philadelphia market, Morris Leeds was perplexed at their action. "But," he told me, "we had an evening together. I heard their statement of dissatisfaction but could not make anything very definite out of it, except to realize that there was dissatisfaction. I was at a loss to reply and so waited for two or three weeks and then had another meeting with them. I told them then that in comparison with other foremen in Philadelphia they were being well paid, that their jobs were relatively light because of the comparatively small number of people they had to manage, that they were the interpreters of the policy of the management to the people under them, and that the only suggestion I had to make in order that they might feel more satisfied with their jobs was squarely to put it up to them to see that their own jobs were better done and that a better feeling was maintained throughout the plant. As I recall it, I got practically no come-back to that statement. Nothing specific was done; yet from that time on the situation began to clear up."

"But," I asked, "you did later reenforce your statement by bringing to bear upon the dissatisfaction of the foremen the modified bonus plan?" His answer was, "Yes."

In meeting this crisis, Morris Leeds now took counsel not of a lawyer but of the going functional constitution of the factory as it had been shaped by the use of machines, by mass production, by the division of work and the corresponding division of the executive brain. With the center of his attention shifted from ownership to functional responsibility, it became inevitable that sooner or later every one in the organization, from the president and general manager to the foremen and their assistants, who exercised executive functions, would have to be included in the executive bonus group, and that the bonuses would have to bear some clear relation to the weight of executive responsibility which each recipient carried.

His first step was to discontinue individual bonuses altogether and to establish a single bonus fund in recognition of the oneness of the total executive function. His next step was to devise a formula for the division of the fund which would express the relative importance of the executive responsibility which each individual, or group of individuals at any particular executive level, carried. This stage in the growth of Morris Leeds' conception of the way to start a democracy in industry was not without high-temperatured growing-pains. "Incidentally," runs the record of his answers to my questions, "that was one of our rather searching experiences. I wrote a note on the matter to those of my associates

(*Continued on page* 200)

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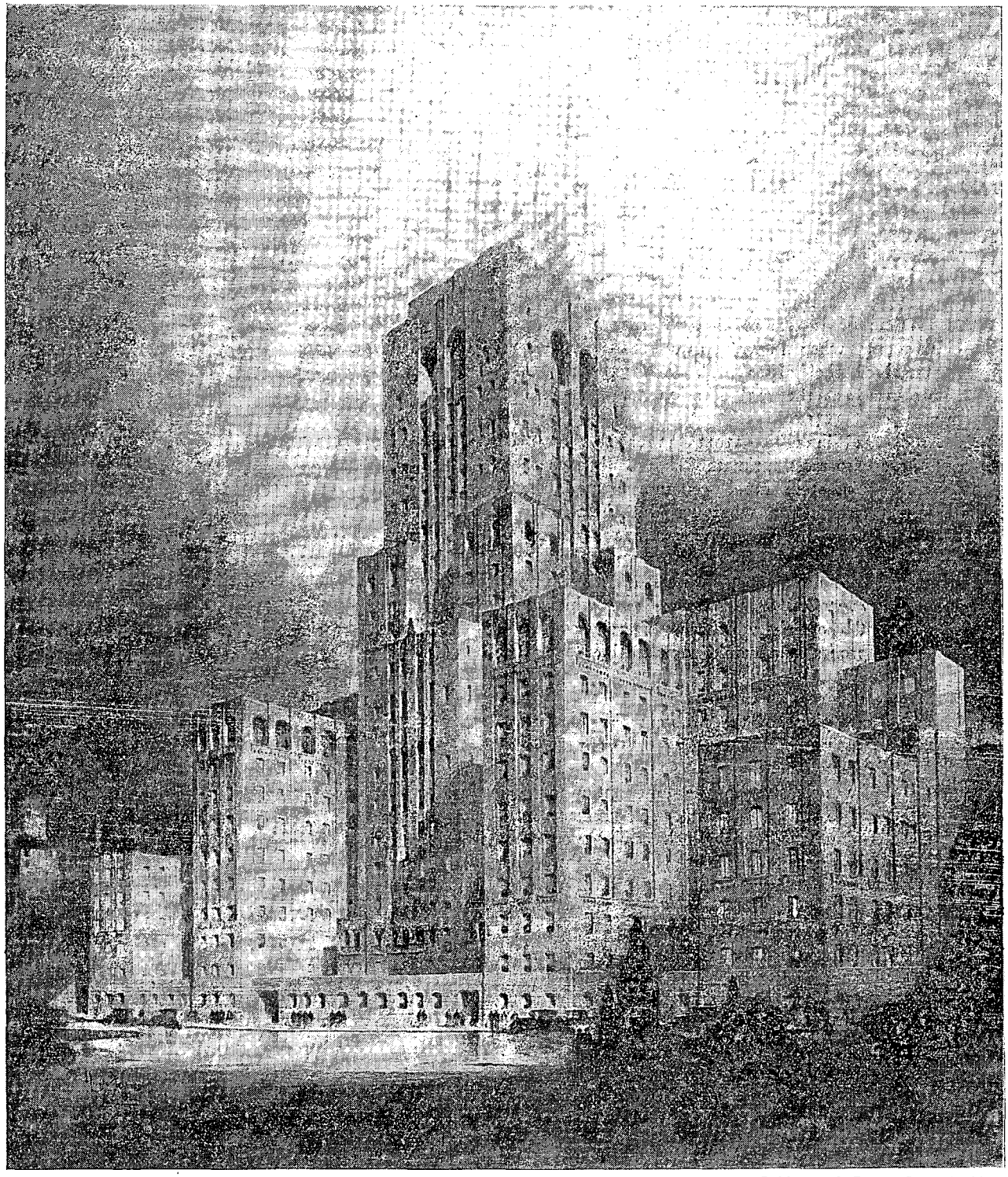

Drawing by Hugh Ferriss — Sullivan W. Jones, State Architect

A SKYSCRAPER OF HEALING

TOWERING above Riverside Drive at 168 Street, the New York State Psychiatric Institute and Hospital is one of the most picturesque buildings of the new Medical Center, furnishing an example of that necessary medical cooperation discussed by Mr. Davis on the following pages: "Hospital and clinic have moved into the foreground of late years, not only as a place where patients are to be served but as the organization through which physicians learn to use their tools, to keep them sharp and devise new ones." Other units in the Medical Center include the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the School of Dental and Oral Surgery of Columbia University, Presbyterian Hospital and its School of Nursing, the Neurological Institute, the Squier Urological Clinic, Vanderbilt Clinic, the Babies' Hospital, Sloane Hospital for Women, and the finely equipped Harkness Pavilion for private patients.

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The Doctor's Kit of Tools

By MICHAEL M. DAVIS

SAID a young physician who had secured his M.D. from one of the best medical colleges in the United States: "After graduation I had a year's internship in a first-class hospital in this city and then six years of struggle to get ahead in practice. I am beginning to get under way, but it is slow work. The hardest thing was to come out of that hospital where experienced men could give skilled service to every patient whose study, I, as intern, began; where the laboratories were ready at command for diagnosis, and the fine service of the nurses for the care of the desperately sick. In the homes of my patients none of these helps were available, and for patients who came to my office, I could not afford the equipment I had been trained to work with, nor were many of my patients able to pay for laboratory tests or for consultations at private rates."

It must always be true that an outstanding factor in good medical care is the skill and personality of the physician. But to make his skill and personality effective nowadays, the physician must have the tools to work with, and these tools are expensive.

A few years ago I visited a man of fifty, for twenty years a physician in an agricultural section of Massachusetts, who might have been a model for the beloved physician in Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush. He had a comfortable practice, a secure and enviable social position. But he worked long hours, traveled long distances in all kinds of weather and felt increasingly the pinch of competition with nearby cities. This is the position of the country doctor today. On the average, a man past the prime of life, he finds the cream of local practice skimmed by the hospitals and specialists of cities and towns, himself cut off from hospital work and opportunities for consultation with other doctors. The Commission on Medical Education said in its report last year: "The present rural situation in itself is not alarming but many communities will shortly be without a resident physician if the current trend of graduates to locate in the cities continues."

Is it any wonder that the young doctor, trained to work with the modern tools of his profession, will not usually go where these cannot be found? Of the graduates of the chief medical schools of the country in 1920, a report by Dean Weiskotten of Syracuse showed that 57.6 per cent had located in cities of 50,000 and over, which contain only about 30 per cent of our population, while less than 20 per cent had gone to towns of under 5,000 or to rural areas. Doctor Jabez N. Jackson, of Kansas City, said in his address as president of the American Medical Association in May, 1927:

> A generation ago the physician of even a small community could make a respectable living annually in the treatment of a few diseases. Typhoid, malaria and the summer dysenteries alone kept one pretty busy through a considerable part of a year, and his horse and buggy for transportation, with his own limited senses for diagnosis, and a saddle-bag of medicines for treatment were his complete equipment. Often he guessed—and guessed well for his training—and nothing more was expected. Now he must be equipped with at least the essentials of a laboratory; must cover a larger territory in an automobile; must have the aid of a nurse in severe illness; and finally, must refer a large and perhaps the most valuable part of his business to a specialist better equipped or to a hospital where facilities are at hand.

WE can sum up the doctor's "tools" for modern medical practice as: professional equipment; technical personnel; cooperative service. Without equipment in office, hospital, clinic and laboratory, many of the resources of modern medicine are unavailable. Without trained personnel—nurses, dietitians, social workers, physiotherapists, laboratory technicians—the doctor can have neither the time nor usually the skill to do his work. Without cooperative service with other physicians, he will fail to do justice to those patients who need more of the science and art of medicine than can be carried by any one man under his hat.

A serviceable microscope can be had for $100; apparatus for x-ray work for $5,000. Laboratory equipment would run from a few hundred dollars to many thousands, depending on the kind and amount of work to be undertaken. Extensive equipment is not only more expensive than the average doctor can afford, it requires technically trained personnel to utilize it, and a larger practice than most physicians possess in order to utilize it fully. Cooperation and organization become necessary.

In these facts lie one of the chief reasons why the hospital and clinic have moved so far into the foreground of late years, not only as a place where patients are to be served, but as the organization through which physicians learn to use their tools, keep them sharp

Courtesy Anderson Galleries, New York

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

Walter Bobbette's painting of an older régime recalls the family doctor whose equipment filled only a handbag. Yet his skill and personality remain enduring factors in medical service

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and devise new ones. The fact that at least 80 per cent of the bedside care of the sick is furnished at home does not displace the hospital from this significant position.

It has been questioned how much of the medical service needed by people demands a full set of "tools." Cannot a large proportion of patients be diagnosed and treated successfully by the individual practitioner with his stored mind and trained perceptions, with the use of very simple treatment? Are specialists and laboratories over-used? Questionnaires sent by the Commission on Medical Education to 500 recent graduates in communities of 50,000 or less distributed throughout the country, led to this summary of their opinion: "Most of the illnesses [presented by patients] are not difficult of diagnosis or treatment and probably 90 per cent can be cared for by competently trained practitioners with modern equipment and facilities." Somewhat similar sentiments have been voiced within the last ten years by such prominent physicians as Frank Billings and Arthur D. Bevan. It is difficult, however, to reconcile these statements with the facts that the physical examination of many thousands of supposedly well persons has shown that half or more are advised to seek care from a dentist; 20 to 25 per cent from nose, throat and ear specialists; 20 per cent from eye specialists and 10 per cent or more from surgeons; and that some college health services show that even among so healthy a group as young college men and women, x-rays are used for diagnosis in over 15 per cent of all cases.

When the patient's disease is such that one physician's personal interest, skilled eye, ear and hand, and simple equipment can find its nature and treat it, he can render good service. But when the patient has a fractured arm or an obscure "indigestion" which needs an x-ray; or a bladder condition which needs looking into with a cystoscope; eye symptoms requiring an opthalmologist; lung symptoms which may be tuberculous; a skin disease that needs light therapy; a form of behavior which can be improved, if at all, only by a psychiatrist and his social worker—in such cases one isolated physician can hardly meet the need.

Undoubtedly there is good ground for the growing body of conservative medical opinion which holds that the use of laboratories and specialists is sometimes carried farther than is justified by the patient's condition or means. The confusions of specialism from the point of view of the patient have been referred to in an earlier article. But to condemn the over-use or unorganized use of laboratories, specialists and consultants, is not to say that these are rarely required. The problem is economic as well as medical, and it is not merely a matter of percentages.

The well-trained modern physician may fairly challenge the community with the two following questions: How far are the tools of modern medical practice available to doctors? What proportion of doctors are able to use these tools if they have them?

To these, the layman may add: How far can the tools of medical practice, when available, be paid for by the patients who need them?

It is obvious that providing a full kit of tools, even of the first type (material equipment), is beyond the means of nearly all individual physicians and that if a number of them must join by organizing a group clinic and associated hospitals and maintaining these on a business basis, their paying patients must meet the cost of both capital investment and overhead. Doctor Jackson said later in the same presidential address: "The community of the future that expects modern medical service must expect to furnish the essential necessities for such services. The laboratory, the hospital and the opportunity for cooperation become henceforth the prime problem of medical practice."

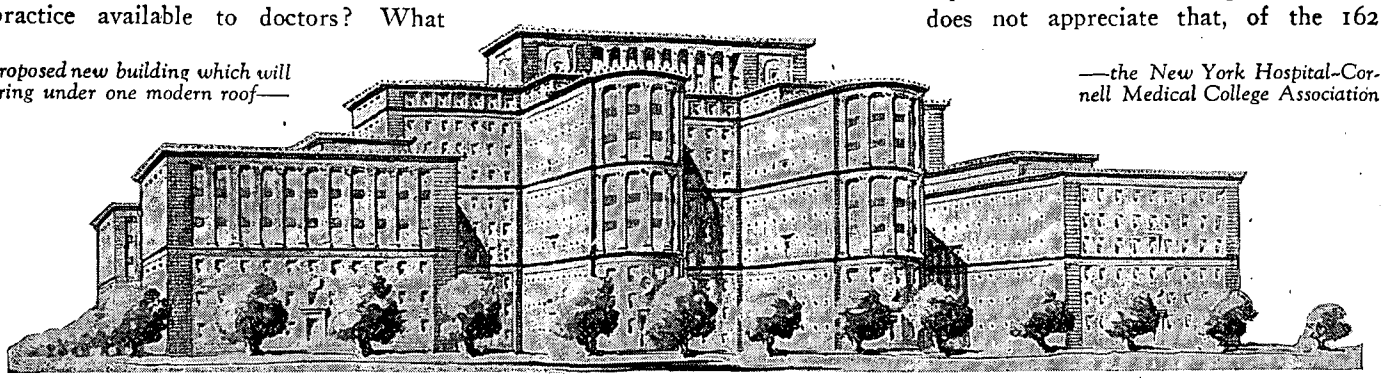
A majority of the 150,000 practicing physicians in the United States today have no access to the 8,000 hospitals and allied institutions. This is partly, of course, because no hospitals exist in many small towns and rural areas. In 1925, 1,354 out of 3,069 counties in the United States, or 44 per cent, had none. But in many cities and towns which have hospitals, a large proportion of physicians have not been appointed members of their medical staffs. Hence these doctors may not utilize the hospitals to advance their skill, to render charitable service to ward patients, or to treat paying private patients. In New York City, 44 per cent of the physicians have no appointment on the staff of any hospital or out-patient clinic.

IN middle-sized and small communities, the proportion of doctors who have hospital appointments is generally larger than in the great cities and it is increasing, because the newer hospitals are more and more organized with "open" staffs, in whose privileges all reputable members of the local profession may share. Taking the country as a whole, however, it is probable that only about half of the physicians have access to hospitals; for the remainder, the best tools of their jobs are near at hand but out of reach, or, for many country doctors, not available at all.

It is obvious that a hospital can more easily maintain a high standard with a small staff, than with a large heterogeneous group of doctors with varying standards and abilities as to cooperation. But it does not follow that this is better for the community or for the medical profession in the long run. How shall hospital privileges be broadened without endangering efficiency? There is no more crucial point in the modern doctor's dilemma.

What proportion of doctors are able to use modern tools, if they have them? One does not search for statistics on a point so delicate. The general public does not appreciate that, of the 162

Proposed new building which will bring under one modern roof—



—the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical College Association

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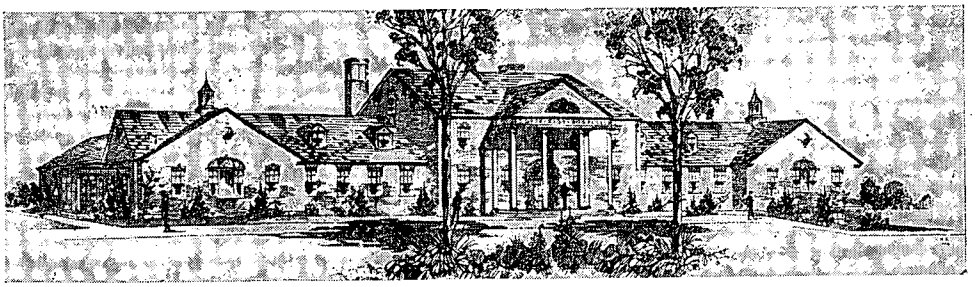
medical colleges in the United States in 1906, nearly half were profit-making or otherwise undesirable institutions which closed their doors or were absorbed within the next fifteen years, and that these medical schools did not train doctors to use modern tools. Some men doubtless overcame the defects of their education, and undoubtedly there are graduates of the best colleges who have not lived up to the standards of their Alma Mater. All that can be said is the truism that there are doctors and doctors.

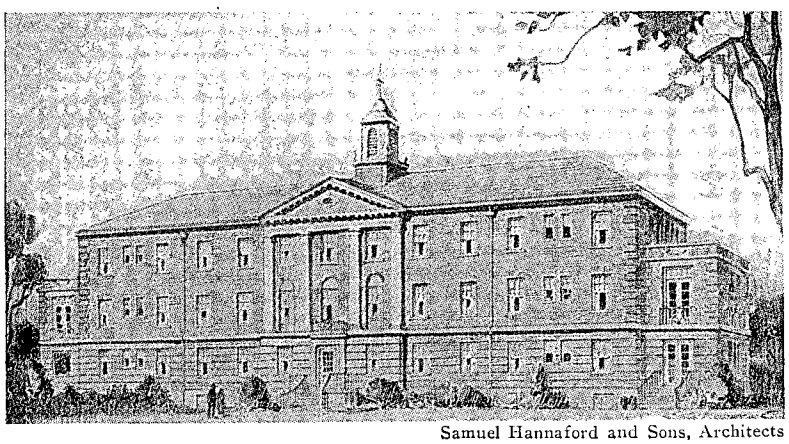


C. Pelton and James Gamble Rogers, Architects

Built with the help of the Commonwealth Fund, the Southside Community Hospital, solves the dilemma of the medical men of Farmville, Virginia, who, with other rural doctors have found providing a full kit of tools is beyond the means of nearly all individual physicians

It is significant that an analysis in several cities of physicians having appointments on hospital staffs shows that of the physicians who graduated from low-grade schools (as classified by the American Medical Association) a much smaller proportion had membership on hospital staffs than among the graduates of better schools. The more recent graduates of the better schools show the larger proportion of staff members. Of the specialists, practically all were on hospital staffs. Of the general practitioners in Rochester, New York, less than one-fifth, graduated previous to 1900, were on hospital staffs; only 30 per cent of the graduates between 1900 and 1910; while of the graduates between 1911 and 1922, over 63 per cent had hospital appointments.

The growing complexity of the business of doctoring has borne particularly hard also upon the general practitioner working among patients of moderate means. He feels keenly the disproportion between his fees and those of the specialist. One man in Brooklyn, another in Chicago, expressed themselves almost identically: "I know something about my patients, for I try to be their family physician so far as they'll let me. But when they go to specialists, what do the specialists know? In 90 per cent of the cases, specialists know nothing and inquire nothing about the circumstances of their patients. I can ask $2 or $3 for an office visit; their rates are $5 or $10."



Samuel Hannaford and Sons, Architects

This design for a small hospital is one of a number prepared by the Duke Endowment of Charlotte, N. C., to help meet the needs of the physicians who have no access to hospitals—"the best tools of their jobs."

And laboratory charges likewise: A well-trained and conscientious physician wants tests for patients for which he knows they cannot pay commercial laboratory rates. Such tests or x-rays may be important, sometimes essential, in determining a diagnosis or in guiding the course of treatment. If the patient cannot pay for them, and therefore cannot have them, he may suffer irretrievably. The conscientious doctor may refer such a patient to a hospital or a clinic where the tests will be made for a nominal fee or for nothing. But then the hospital or the clinic generally assumes the treatment of the patient and the doctor loses the case. What a conflict between his professional conscience and his financial interest!

There is even greater conflict when the highest fees come in, as for major surgical operations. Said Dr. A.:

> As a general practitioner, I spend five home visits and much anxious thought on sick Mr. Jones. I decide that he probably has gall-stones and needs an operation. He does not know a surgeon and at his request I suggest Dr. X, a competent surgeon. Mr. Jones acts gratefully on my suggestion, goes to the hospital where Dr. X operates, and after less than three weeks Jones is back in his home where I can look after his convalescence. The bill Jones expects from me is for ten visits at $5 apiece, or $50. The bill he gets from the surgeon is $300. Thus Jones pays altogether $350. What I did took a great deal more time than the surgeon required for the operation and its after-care in the hospital; and the responsibility for the diagnosis was largely mine. Is it fair that my fee should be one-sixth of his?

The comment of a well-known surgeon upon this case brings out another point of view:

> The general practitioner was paid his usual fee for visits, and doubtless really had less responsibility than if he had been treating the patient for influenza or pneumonia and had paid the same number of visits. In the latter case he is assuming all the responsibility as to both diagnosis and treatment, whereas in the former, if the patient is referred to a capable and conscientious surgeon the diagnosis is checked up and the surgeon operates on his own responsibility and his own diagnosis, giving of course due weight to the opinion of the general practitioner. The slightest slip in the technic of the gall-bladder operation may mean the death of the patient.

Yet surgeons as well as general practitioners recognize that temptation to split fees does exist. The American College of Surgeons and other professional bodies have set themselves firmly against the practice whereby the surgeon pays 25 to 50 per cent of his fee to the practitioner who sent him the case. It is evident that such a system tempts the practitioner to refer his patient to the surgeon who will give the largest percentage, and to encourage unnecessary operations.

Each of the eight thousand members of the American College of Surgeons, and the medical staffs of more than one thousand hospitals on the approved list of the college, must sign a pledge not to divide fees. Obviously, if the patient and his family knew that the (*Continued on page* 195)

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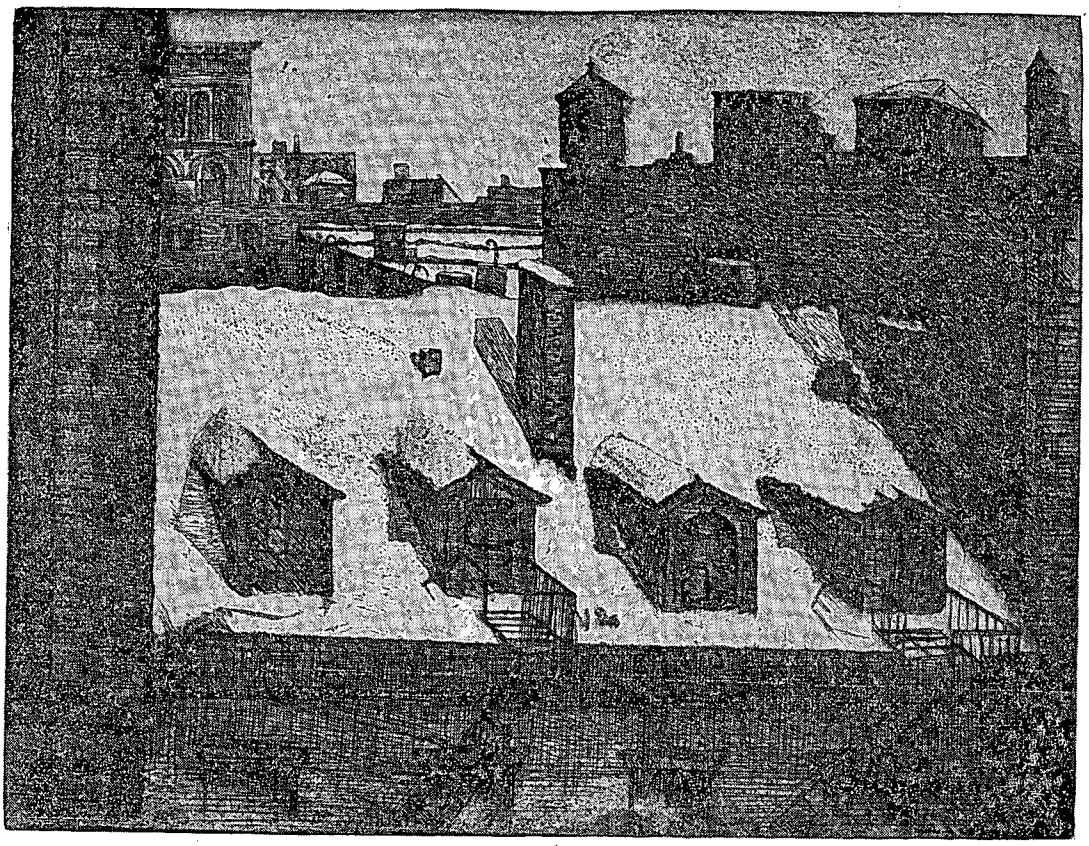

FROM MY WINDOW
An etching of Bleecker Street from the cap-factory

The Boy Who Was a Cap-Maker

OUT of Russian Poland came a little boy, holding tightly to the hand of a tall, bearded man. Elias Grossman's father was bringing him and his little sister to America. Elias had studied English by himself from a vocabulary book, at home in the poor village, and recognized a few words when he reached bewildering Manhattan. They went to live in the heart of New York's lower East Side, near the Henry Street Settlement, and Elias at once started in at Public School 75.

The boy had always been drawing what he saw—Russian peasants, the village houses, cattle and the fields—and when he heard of Cooper Union and night-classes in drawing, he got a letter from his teacher, and applied at once. There were difficulties—he was too young, he spoke little English—but he overcame them and registered for both courses, studying there five nights a week for four years, going to school by day.

But the school used plaster casts for models, and Elias wanted to draw from life; and he wanted to be an etcher. At half-past nine when the Cooper Union class was dismissed, he hurried home, where old men, picked up in the parks, would pose for him until midnight. And always he sketched everything that caught his interest—faces, faces, faces, or bits of houses and streets.

Necessity now forced the boy to earn, and he was taken on at his uncle's factory. All day long he stitched caps and at night attended the Educational Alliance where he drew from posed models and studied etching. Twelve years Elias Grossman lived for art and struggled to live. In summer, when the cap factory closed down, he would work fourteen hours a day as a waiter in a country hotel, and sketch trees, clouds, boats and summer boarders.

EAST SIDE TYPE
Pencil sketch made in a park

Then, like sudden sunrise, came recognition. In 1917, two of his pictures were shown at an exhibition at John Wanamaker's from which many had been rejected. In 1918, work of his was hung by the National Academy, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Brooklyn Society of Etchers. And now in 1928, a one-man exhibition has just been held at the Milch Galleries, New York.

Two years ago, Mr. Grossman went back to his native land—since the War a part of Poland—and saw his mother for the first time in eighteen years. He visited France, the Austrian Tyrol, and Italy where in addition to Roman and Venetian scenes, he made portraits of Ambassador Fletcher, and

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POLISH SHOCKET

A crayon study of a chicken butcher of Horodetz

of Mussolini who gave him forty hours of his much-demanded time and autographed the first proof, which has recently been sold at a high price to a Baltimore collector.

Elias Grossman has arrived, but his success has not altered his sense of human value. While at Brest-Litovsk, a city in dire poverty and war ruin, he contracted an infection and was sent to the hospital. The place was filthy, crowded, and filled with patients dying in great numbers. As he recovered, he asked questions of the surgeon in charge—Why were there so many dying? Why was the equipment so poor? People were dying, he was told, because there were no instruments with which to operate. Equipment was lacking because there was no money to be found with which to procure new or even to keep in working order the facilities installed before the War.

Determined to make further return for the saving of his own life, Mr. Grossman plans to devote the proceeds of the sale of part of his etchings to the purchase of surgical instruments which he will take, when he sails in June, and himself present to the hospital at Brest-Litovsk.

Art is not his only creative channel, and the emotion which so readily sought expression in action of this sort roots, perhaps, in the help given him, a stranger in New York's East Side, and deeper still, in the love and faith of his parents.—G. H. H.

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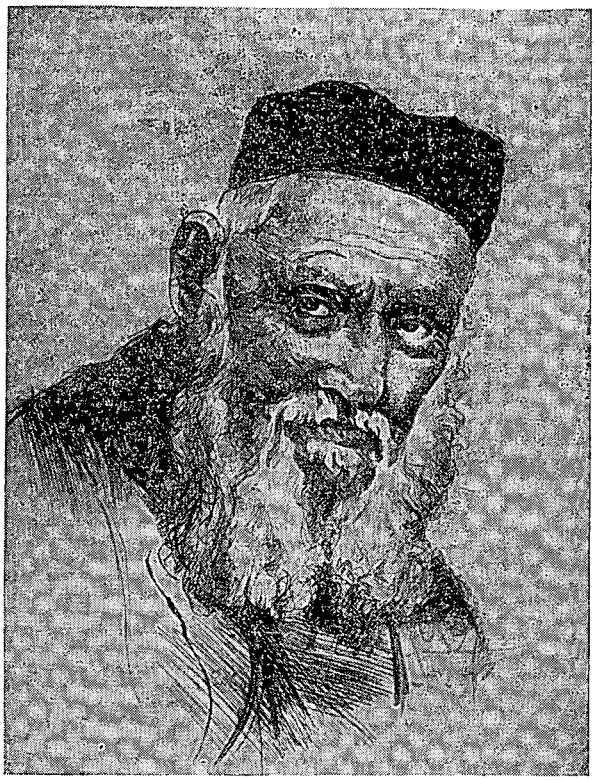
REBECCA

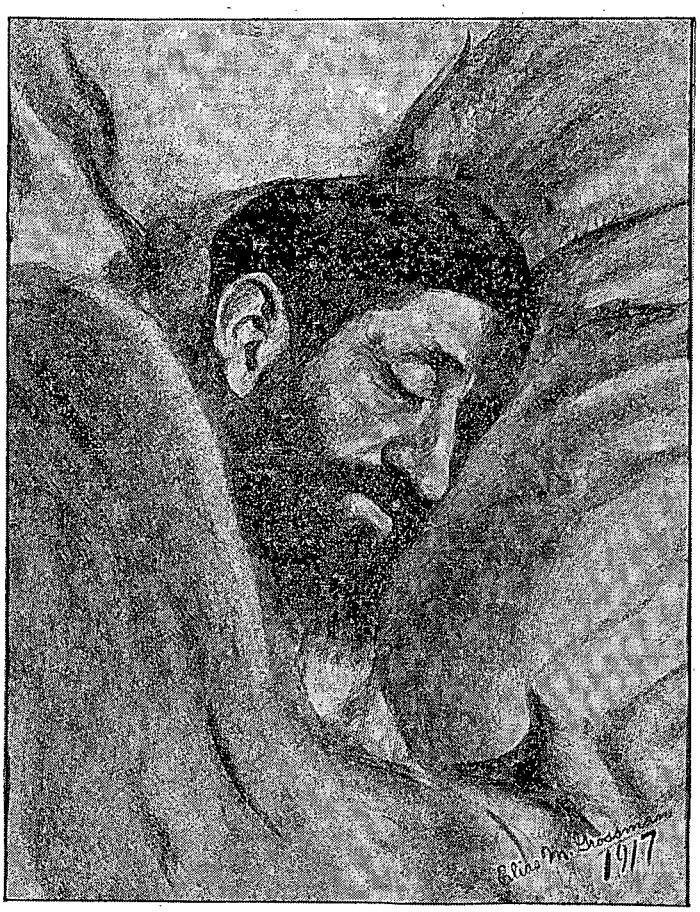
A soft-ground etching of an East Side type



POLISH RABBI

A dry point

Courtesy Milch Galleries, New York



MY FATHER SLEEPING

A portrait study in charcoal made in the Henry Street home eleven years ago

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Still Rises the Tide Against War

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

UPON an occasion into the details of which I shall not enter, I put in my plea of confession and avoidance:

"But I didn't mean to!"

"Probably not," my father said. "What this is for is that you didn't mean *not* to."

The subsequent proceedings are incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial; but the point of that reply goes straight to the subject of world peace.

Peace is not a formula or legal arrangement; it is a state of mind. Nations sometimes find themselves in war when none of them means to; it is far less likely when all of them "mean *not* to." The encouraging things these days are the evidences in all directions that the people of the world "mean not to." Against this increasingly evident determination there appear many efforts to thwart it—on the part of those whose game and profit is in war, of muddlers and mischief-makers, of the general pessimists—but it moves on.

In Washington the other day I was told that nobody there could remember such an avalanche of public sentiment as that which overwhelmed the first exorbitant demands of the navy crowd. I saw form letters which senators had been obliged to issue in self-defending protest to their constituents against the assumption that they might be led to support that exuberant raid upon the Treasury. There is something pathetic in the contrast between the flamboyant arrogance with which the big-navy boomers announced that they would brook no interference with their program, even from the President, and the panic in which they were glad to accept the revised estimate of less than half. There were gloomy moments when they feared they might get nothing at all.

MANY factors combined to actuate that public protest—not all of it was anti-war sentiment. It was clearly perceived by those concerned about flood-control, farmers' relief, rivers and harbors, highway development, education and other rational activities of government, that any such expenditure for military purposes would spell the starvation of these things. At this hour we are spending some $2,000,000 a day on army and navy—vastly more than that on all the budgets ensuing from wars, past, present and prospective.

But underlying all is the growing realization that war as an instrument of international policy is doomed to go the way that dueling and trial by torture have gone. The growing realization also that another world war would mean the suicide of civilization.

WE have come a long way since the installation of the Bryan treaties of fifteen years ago (1913-14). In their day they were thought to be very advanced, even utopian. Mr. Bryan did not venture—perhaps it hardly occurred to him—to suggest the complete renunciation of war; all he did was to provide for a period of suspension of action, a margin of time for cooling off. Now comes Secretary Kellogg with a definite proposal to all the great nations to renounce war altogether. The original suggestion of M. Briand that war be outlawed as between France and the United States, now is being submitted on the part of both, to Great Britain, Germany, Italy and Japan. Without the active or passive participation of one or more of these, war on a large scale could not be carried on anywhere. It is the fashion in some quarters to sniff cynically at Mr. Kellogg's efforts; to regard his interchange with M. Briand as solemn bluffing. Senator Borah does not share this attitude, nor believe the efforts futile. As he said the other day:

> At present we have a network of treaties and understandings relative to peace—arbitration treaties, conciliation treaties, the Hague Tribunal, World Court, peace machinery of the League of Nations, peace machinery of Locarno. The effect of the Kellogg proposal is a solemn pledge to let all this machinery work.

MR. BORAH adds, however, the crucial point—peace is a state of mind; of the public opinion of the nations, of the world:

> Tradition, customs, fears, hatreds, fixed habits, and institutions cannot be dispelled overnight through the necromancy of words.

Given the "will-to-war," the state of mind continually provoked by fearful and pessimistic attitudes, race prejudice, mischievous gossip about our neighbors in the world, sneers at efforts to lubricate international relations, then treaties, mere words-on-paper, will be juggled, evaded, swept aside, as they were in the last war. Mr. Kellogg said it, March 15 to the Council on Foreign Relations:

> In addition to treaties there must be an aroused public conscience against the horrors and frightfulness of war.

Of the Bryan treaties, those with France, Great Britain, Japan, Norway and Portugal terminate this year; those with Chile, Ecuador, Haiti, Peru and Uruguay run "until denounced"; the treaty with Holland expires next year (March); that with Sweden runs until March, 1930. In addition to these there are other treaties in various stages of progress or suspension. It is the psychological moment.

SO this is peculiarly the time for agitation in the interest of the world's will-to-peace. Peculiarly mischievous just now—and probably that is the underlying, more or less unrealized reason for it—are all the kinds of effort to embitter international relations; including the obtinate broom-work of the militarists to sweep back the rising tide of international friendship, to minimize all tendencies and measures to substitute conciliation for swashbuckling.

This "broom-work," the deliberate attempt to keep hatred

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alive, takes many forms. Lord Birkenhead, secretary of state for India in the present British cabinet, lately took occasion in the London Daily Telegraph to protest against the production in England of the film Dawn, dealing with the martyrdom of Nurse Cavell. Aside from the alleged historical inaccuracy of the dramatization, Lord Birkenhead goes to the essence of it:

> What would Nurse Cavell herself have said? The true purposes of this sainted woman—her only message to the world—are engraved on her memorial: *"Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness for any one."*

In this case, as in most of the others, the purpose is private profit. Lord Birkenhead puts his finger on that:

> Does any one suppose that the woman who, at the very moment of her agony, could speak like this, would permit her death to be commercialized, with the certain result that the bitter memories associated with it would be kept alive and fertilized so as to prevent the sweet restoration of friendship and good relationship between the nations of the world?

THIS is no academic question for sentimentalists. It is horribly practical. Brutal statistics just published by a League of Nations committee show that something like 37,000,000 human beings are not alive now who would have been alive but for the world war. Ignore if you will the 21,000,000 decrease of births from this cause, on the theory that the world can tolerate that slowing down of population increase; remains a total of 10,000,000 casualties in the field and at least 6,000,000 civilian deaths induced by war privations. What would not the world be doing now in the face of a threat of 16,000,000 deaths due to flood, famine, pestilence or earthquake? How volunteers would rush to serve the Red Cross, how purses would open!

To just such staggering catastrophe as this, contributes every effort to stifle the movement toward international cooperation and understanding; every cynical sneer, every mean and mischievous interpretation placed upon overtures of neighbors; every callousness of the hard-boiled "optimist" who "doesn't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to *him*." But in the long run it does happen to him! Every "gold star" in America is the measure of the interest of that home in that assassination at Sarajevo in Herzegovina.

THE movement toward peace sweeps on. Representative Gillette of Massachusetts, a Republican headliner who might have been expected to soft-pedal on the eve of the presidential campaign, insists upon reviving the World Court issue; introducing a resolution suggesting to the President "the advisability of a further exchange of views with the signatory states in order to establish whether the differences can be satisfactorily adjusted." For two years the administration has left unanswered the request of the nations members of the court that we make clear the meaning of our "fifth reservation" to our agreement to enter the court. The thing will not, cannot sleep. The sentiment in this country favoring our participation in this institution for the orderly judicial settlement of international disputes is stronger than ever. It banks up against the day when perhaps suddenly, as in the bursting of the Los Angeles dam, it will overwhelm all opposition, and carry us, not only into the court, but into the League of Nations as well.

Spain, nearing the end of the two years' interval before her resignation from the League of Nations could take effect, has withdrawn that notice and returns to her place. Brazil shows signs of wavering in her like determination, expressed at the same time. Argentina, long cool toward the league though still a member, exhibits uneasiness in her isolation, like a truant schoolboy peeking in at the window.

IN OUR own country, interest in both the World Court and the league itself is far greater than it is customary to suppose. In several journeys that I have made myself during the past winter to the Middle West and the South, on mere business and to discuss other matters, I never have been able to escape the demand that I talk about international affairs, and in particular about the League of Nations as I saw it during residence at Geneva for extended periods during the past four years. Men and women—young people especially—have insistently demanded all the information that I could give. Interest in the subject steadily increases.

The fact is that the conscience of our people—it is a very sensitive conscience, too—is by no means easy about our relations with this institution, begun upon American initiative, and deserted at the behest of American party politics. The heart of the American people believes in what the League of Nations stands for. Much of the bitterness shown in public comment is due to our sense of shame at the false position in which we find ourselves. We are restless on the outside, in company with Mexico, Turkey and Soviet Russia, while the rest of the world is practicing what we have preached.

IT is much less than a year since Dwight W. Morrow went to Mexico as ambassador, and almost overnight transmuted into friendly human relationship the bitter truculence which previously had characterized the conduct of our representation there. Almost instantly the new spirit did its magic. Tension relaxed, and now the whole ten years' controversy seems to be over. While concessions have been made on both sides, the potentialities for discord, even violence, still exist for the trouble-maker; each nation has the same armed force, the same interests ready to profit by misunderstanding. Only the spirit of intercourse has changed. There is a different state of mind. And that is everything.

The failure of the disarmament conference at Geneva is disappointing, but it should surprise no one. Little will come of such conferences as long as they are in the hands of professional warriors who think and talk in terms of war and the presuppositions of war. Even so, the door was left open for further conference. And the thing most important to remember is that behind and above all this muddling is the will of the world, which already has created machinery for a new fashion of handling subjects of discord. Never in all history has humanity had so good a hope, so sound reason for it. Against the steadily rising tide, military-minded folk wield their brooms in vain. More than ever before, the world "means *not* to."

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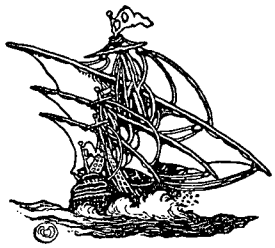

EDITORIALS

UNEMPLOYMENT is still "in the news." Even the spring-time "revival of business activity" and political distortion on one side or another cannot stifle public concern over our startled realization that an abnormal number of American workers are involuntarily jobless. (See Survey Graphic for March.) Current discussion of the 1928 unemployment situation tends to focus on three main considerations. The first is the baffling effort to discover its extent.

Secretary of Labor Davis reported to the Senate, in response to Senator Wagner's resolution, that there are 1,874,050 jobless workers in the United States today. This figure, Secretary Davis stated, was arrived at by Ethelbert Stewart, commissioner of labor statistics, "by the most careful computation methods available." Senator Shipstead pointed out that Mr. Stewart had reached no such conclusion; that he had merely declared that the shrinkage in employment between 1925 and 1928, on the basis of those employed in transportation and manufacturing in 1925, was 7.43 per cent, or 1,874,050. Taking the same statistics, making 1920 instead of 1925 the base, Senator Shipstead arrives at a total unemployment figure of 8,331,170! The Labor Bureau, Inc., allowing for shrinkage in employment between 1923 and 1925, for population growth, movement from country to city and our "normal unemployment" of 1,000,000, suggests that Secretary Davis' recent report indicates that there are 5,790,000 jobless, though holding that its own earlier estimate of 4,000,000 is more conservative than the figures of the secretary of labor.

It is useless to shuffle statistics and, lacking facts, to argue whether 2,000,000 or 8,000,000 are now out of work. An abiding cause for concern is not the exact measure of the crisis, but our lack of machinery for finding out about it. The President's Unemployment Conference in 1921, under the leadership of Secretary Hoover, found itself similarly embarrassed by lack of data. It pointed out the need for a network of employment exchanges, with compulsory registration of jobless workers and available jobs. But nothing has been done in the intervening six years to put into effect these suggestions for systematic study and for rehabilitation of the war-time employment services.

A second consideration is the nature of the present crisis. Both those who rise to deplore, and those whose object is to minimize the existing situation, point out that this is not a "crisis" in the sense of a cyclical depression but rather a long, slow development in which the mechanization of industry has been an important factor. A writer in The Annalist observes:

> Cyclical employment will end when cyclical depression ends. But the problem of technological unemployment is much more complicated. . . . Even if production reaches the high peaks of 1926 it will not end technological unemployment: by 1926, after the 1924 depression, manufacturing production increased 14 per cent over 1924 and 8 per cent over 1923, while employment increased only 1.7 per cent over 1924 and decreased 8.1 per cent over 1923. The cyclical recovery of 1925-6 increased technological unemployment.

The conservative Journal of Commerce, commenting on the nature of the current situation, suggests that

> This country has upon its hands a problem of chronic unemployment, likely to grow worse rather than better. Business prosperity, far from curing it, may tend to aggravate it by stimulating invention and encouraging all sorts of industrial rationalization schemes.

Finally, from the discussion aroused by the uncivilized spectacle of millions of wage-earners who face privation and suffering for themselves and their families because they cannot find work to do, there is emerging a new attitude toward regularity of employment. We are beginning to ask one another whether the disorganization of industry which results in wholesale lay-offs and long periods of involuntary idleness should be a burden borne by wage-earners alone. In similar questioning began the workmen's compensation movement in this country. And once public concern was aroused, lawyers, engineers and managers found a way to grapple with the technical problems involved.

WEATHER reports are reliable enough—all public and picnic opinion to the contrary notwithstanding—to make sure that this year will not see another Mississippi flood as a result of the usual heavy rainfall in the spring. Not enough rain has fallen to make more than an occasional local overflow, as in late April in parts of Arkansas. That gives added zest to the applause throughout the South over the flood-control bill and the manner of its passage through Congress. For Congress has finally decided, just a year after the great flood of 1927, that such eruptions of nature on a continental scale can no longer be regarded as local, to be opposed by parochial measures; nor even on the analogy of good roads suggested by President Coolidge, under which the government bears part of the expense. The Jones bill, which passed the Senate without a dissenting vote, proposes to pay the entire bill from federal funds. It provides for levees on the Mississippi "higher than the crest of any flood of record," and spillways for the protection of New Orleans and of parts of Arkansas and Missouri, the spillways being designed to carry off the crest of the flood by special channels instead of letting them rage cross-country over the farms of the St. Francis Basin and the rich Louisiana Sugar Bowl.

Mississippi flood control has overflowed the levees of partisan politics and come out of the Senate by unanimous vote. It has weathered the conflicting claims of other flood

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areas, notably in California. It has made good the contention of the valley folk that as they have already spent $282,000,000 on levees and pocketed a loss of $270,000,000 on the flood of 1927, they should not be asked to pay again. But it must yet meet a crisis at the hands of President Coolidge and other advocates of economy, who fear it may swamp the budget, carry away the proposed tax reduction, perhaps furnish a new rod to the opponents of naval appropriations.

The Jones bill provides for a cost of $325,000,000. Chairman Jones of the Senate Commerce Committee, estimated it might run as high as $500,000,000. The Reid bill, in the House, puts it at $473,000,000. Pessimists have figured it at one billion. As Mark Sullivan puts it, the ultimate cost, as some people in Washington see it, would be "greater than the Civil War, greater than the Panama Canal, greater than any legislation ever passed by Congress with the single exception of the declaration of war against Germany."

Well, why not?

Assuming that the largest figures are the true ones, which is by no means sure, isn't the Mississippi Valley worth it? Doesn't "the greatest peace-time calamity in the history of the country," in Secretary Hoover's trenchant phrase, call for the greatest peace-time appropriation? Especially by a nation that is spending two million dollars a day on its army and navy? The 1927 flood alone cost $270,000,000 in property destroyed. Wouldn't it be a good investment to put the cost of two, or three, or even four such floods into the best plan for control? Especially if to the board in charge of operations, the army and civilian engineers, were added economists and geographers, who could contribute a point of view longer than the battleship-building and tax reductions of a presidential year. Professor J. Russell Smith, for instance, has argued in Survey Graphic that controlled floods could be made to pay for the cost of installation, with added dividends, from the food that river silt might grow on the bottom lands of the Mississippi, as it has done since the beginning of time in the valley of the Nile.

Whatever the details of the bill as it is finally agreed to between Senate and House and White House, it will provide adequate levees the entire length of the Delta from Cairo to the Gulf, with the most sorely needed spillways. And it will at least leave the way open for study of the tributaries, where the floods chiefly rise, and of reservoirs. It thus marks a tremendous step forward. It may even lead the way toward a later discussion of the related questions of waste of soil and water-power.

HERE is a simple association test for everybody who is interested in health and sickness. Say "public health"—and what do you think of? Some folks think promptly of well babies and pure water and falling death-rates. In other minds the first image that leaps into consciousness is that of the doctor's pocketbook. Unfortunately, certain representatives of the organized physicians of the United States have often given the impression that their thinking about public health begins and ends with that symbol.

For two years the American Medical Association has invited to a spring conference a small group of state health officers and lay health workers to discuss with selected members and officers of the association the relation of the private physician to public health enterprises. At this year's conference, held at the end of March in Chicago, the bogey of socialism, cloaked in free clinics and "state medicine," stalked to and fro in terrifying guise. The fear and resentment felt by every group of intrenched individualists in the world's history, when confronted with a pressing social need, was clearly displayed. There was evidence of tension which released itself in verbal extravagances.

But the significant fact that emerged from three sessions of talk was that most of the group were tired of recriminations and wanted to go ahead on a sensible and self-respecting basis of mutual understanding. The conference voted to set up a committee which should bring together representatives of the American Medical Association, public health officials, and voluntary agencies engaged in health practice. Such a committee, the conference believed, could do more to reach a common basis for progress than debates in which mutual resentments crowded out the search for fact.

In hundreds of communities health workers of every legitimate stripe have turned gladly and successfully to private physicians for cordial and effective technical cooperation. It is the die-hards who forget this fact, and who insist on capitalizing maladjustments when they occur. Preventive medicine and specialized therapy have both originated within the medical profession. The public needs more of the first, and some way of meeting the cost of the second. Some physicians who see straight recognize both these needs and are working to meet them. Some laymen are striving to help physicians in this task. It is absurd to assume that such efforts are inherently dangerous to the practice of medicine, for that implies that at bottom the interests of the doctor and his patient are antagonistic.

THE Daughters of the American Revolution have been saved from becoming the laughing-stock of the country. The New York Times, for instance, made high fun of their blacklist, which came out on the heels of April Fool's Day and solemnly set down "our too, too solid friend William Allen White" of Kansas as a "socialist." Mr. White himself tossed on the ball of ridicule with such delicious trimmings as "tea gladiators" and "nice old girls." But a few days later came a vigorous pamphlet, Our Threatened Heritage, a Letter to the D. A. R., in which Helen Tufts Bailie, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and fourteen other members protest that "our society has been duped." They point out that the persons discriminated against as speakers before chapter meetings "are religious, educational, political and social science leaders," and they deplore the fact that "our splendid organization has become a tail to the kite of ignorant, misguided or designing persons." They trace the list back to the discredited Lusk report, "the activities of the Department of Justice under Palmer, Daugherty and Burns" and Fred R. Marvin of the "Key Men of America." Mrs. Bailie stops the laughter not only by her serious concern for the "fellow-citizens whom we have grossly and unfairly abused," but by her demonstration that the fighting blood among the Daughters is not confined to lobbying for a bigger navy; that there is an insurgent wing which believes in liberties the foremothers thought worth sacrifice.

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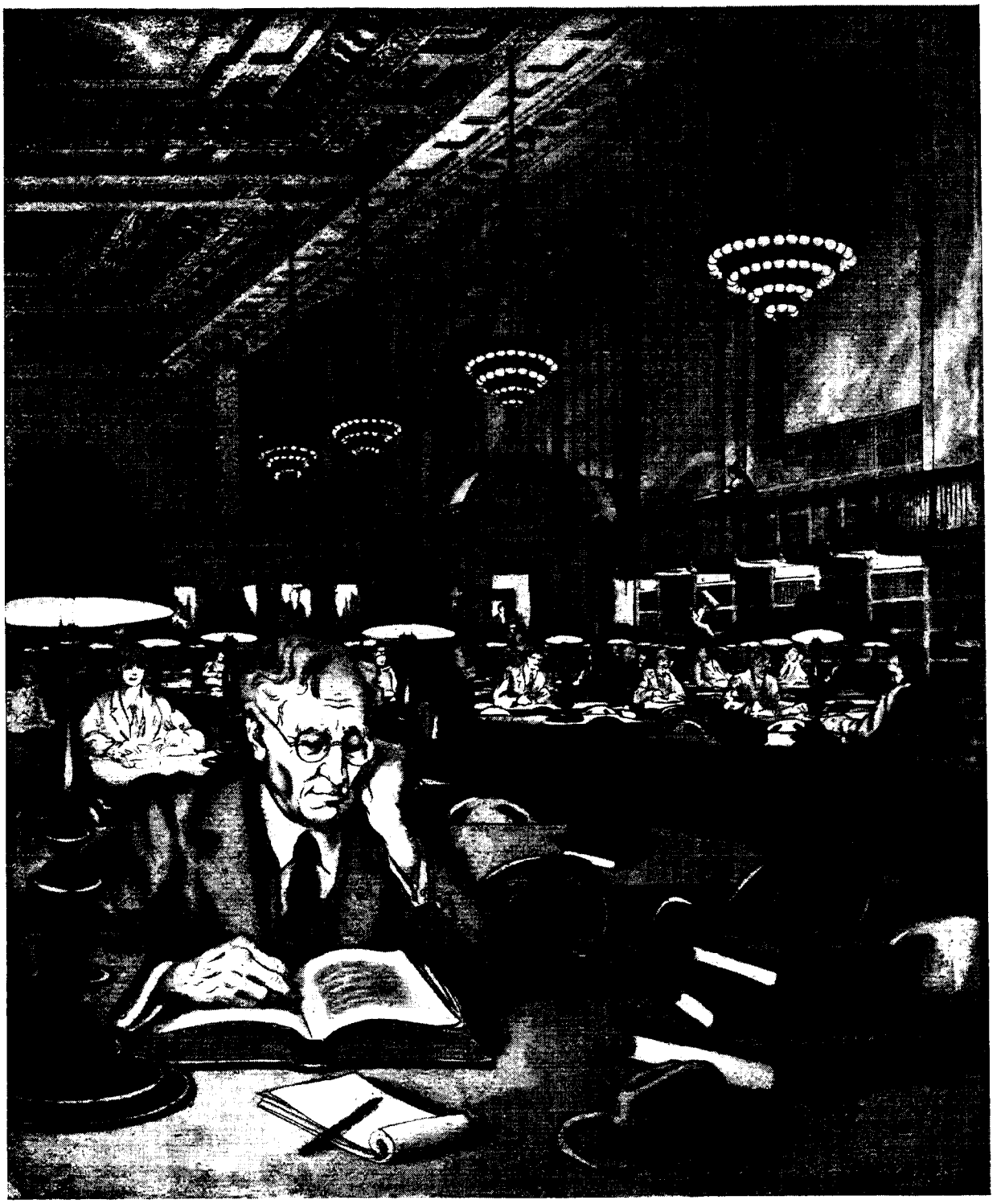

Courtesy Macbeth Gallery, New York

MILLIONS OF BOOKS

Main Reading-Room, New York Public Library. An etching by Walter Raymond Duff

AT Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, in the swirl of wealth, industry and noise that is New York, more people sit quietly and read, each an undisturbed Crusoe on a little island, than anywhere else in the world. In 1927, 1,282,680 books were consulted by 955,954 readers in this main reading-room alone—3,791,500 books were used by 1,786,410 readers in all the reference rooms and thousands more without record from the open shelves. Readers in science and technology led in numbers among the specialized departments with economics and sociology second—more than a hundred thousand in each.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Painted Moments

THE RAMPANT AGE, *by Robert S. Carr. Doubleday Doran. 330 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
MEAT, *by Wilbur Daniel Steele. Harper's. 304 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
CLAIRE AMBLER, *by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday Doran. 253 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
HOME TO HARLEM, *by Claude McKay. Harper's. 340 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDER, *by Howard W. Odum. Bobbs-Merrill. 323 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
BAD GIRL, *by Vina Delmar. Harcourt Brace. 275 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE fashion in novels for 1928 gives one a strange sense of heat without light. They achieve this scientific paradox by pruning: They take a few characters and endow them with certain urges; they disentangle them from both past and future, and from many of the ordinary inevitable relations with society; they stage a succession of high moments in which the conflict of these urges or their relations bring tense drama or blinding revelations of the psyche . . . and there they stop. We get scenes of surcharged emotion; each with its precious gift of "kick", sultry, spiced, and colored, presenting a reality of mood or personal tragedy of clear authenticity, but somehow scenes that arrive out of nowhere and pass without leaving a trace. After explosions that it would seem must remold every life near the vortex, the people reassemble apparently fresh and unchanged. Neither their psychology nor their everyday living has been disturbed. We get slices, not of life, but of moods, conflicts, catastrophes, yet they are slices only. The landscape is all peaks, one ice-bound with momentary avalanches, one volcanic, one barren with rocks, but peaks that arise from no common plain or place or empire, and need no valleys for their creation, peaks that never make a mountain range.

Now these high moments are frequently of absorbing interest; they are presented with a brilliance of technique that indicates an opulence of talent; they often instruct by showing us how people do act in crises, rarely by giving us tools wherewith to explore our own emotions and domestic drama. The reader rushes to the end, gripped by curiosity, fear, sympathy. His emotions are all aquiver. He has gained that escape of which fiction is the magic dispenser. But when he has reached the end, and cooled off, his reason asks questions. What light has been thrown off by this heat? What of the grey days that mold life as well as the painted ones? Are there no prices paid in character for these *nuits blanches?* How many people in this especial segment of life act that way? Are these the private misadventures of an exotic, or the tale of Everyman?

IT is perhaps unfair to ask of this kind of novel that it do more than give us high scenes, truthfully and intriguingly; but our excuse is that almost all of them hold out a promise of social illumination. They explicitly undertake to enlighten. The Rampant Age is a study of high-school life by a high-school student, aged eighteen; Meat by Wilbur Daniel Steele carries on the jacket its text from Corinthians, and the problem, "Shall the world be made safe for the weak at the expense of the strong?" Claire Ambler is a study of the flapper; Home to Harlem by Claude McKay is offered as the true picture of Harlem, an answer to misrepresentation by white novels. I did not seek thesis novels, but these are! Moreover, their common themes are just those about which society is vividly concerned: drinking, sex, jazz and blues, wanderlust in motor-mad youth or ramblin' Negro, and the conflict between the generations and the races. These themes, too, are luckily those that offer the precise vivid high moments modern taste demands.

For everything at the moment puts a premium on the "kick". The novel has to meet stiff competition. The cinema offers a succession of tense moments, without background or social explanation. The short story does the same, and forces its technique on the novel. The "big story" per day or per week is the new ideal of the newspaper. From the drab routine of the machine age (universal scapegoat) we seek relief in the personal, the thrilling, and the exotic. The revolt against the inescapable dullness of midwest realism has produced this strange phenomenon of books from which the realism of everyday life is barred, but wherein its method of utter frankness and detailed

From Havelock Ellis, Philosopher of Love, an authorized biography by Houston Peterson, to be published in May by Houghton Mifflin, Boston

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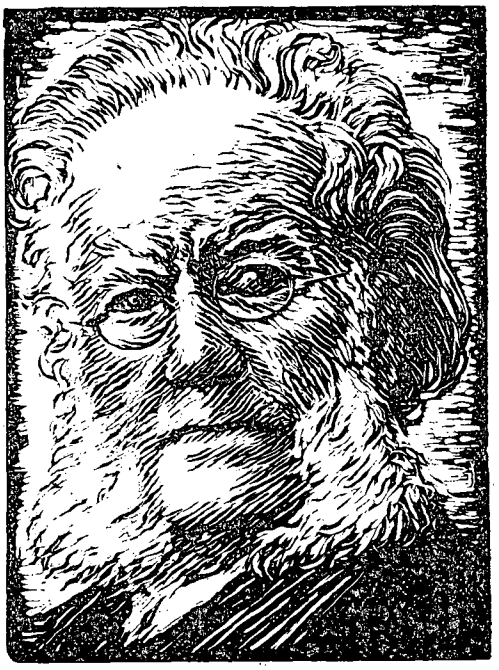
observation is applied to events that may be real, but are certainly rare. We preserve the virtue of truth-telling, but avoid boredom.

Even the non-fiction books are forcing higher colors and quicker tempo on the novel. The true romance of Lindbergh's flight or Chamberlin's leaves invention panting after. Paul de Kruif makes a detective story out of the pursuit of microbes; Will Durant uses the peak-method on philosophy; William Beebe goes beyond dreams with his beautiful fish and exotic dragons; Trader Horn offers us a new Odyssey and Lawrence a new Arabian Nights—and both are true. The true story, whether of adventure or idea, has filched rich fields from the novel, and even borrowed its techniques—plot, dialog, character, conflict. Biography is an avaricious trespasser. And forever enforcing fresh demands on the harassed novelist come the new psychology and the younger generation. The first certainly emphasizes the bitter moments of drama and tension in personal life; it finds them supremely important, yet isolate and inexplicable. Youth, still arbiter of fiction, wants to view life as a procession of colored floats, and cares little who drags them, what the procession celebrates, or whither it is bound.

The novelists deserve praise that while eager to catch the dancing rhythm of the age, they still seek to point a moral and adorn their tales with social import. They are honest, they have courage, they strive and they have their chapters of power, but they are deceived often as to what constitutes high moments, and give no data from which we can generalize on the incidence and prevalence of high moments. By simplification and the devotion to single themes, many recent novels seem to achieve a damnable unfairness to their characters and to the group from which they draw specimens. Our high-school author declares the backbone of the schools is made by wholesome, useful, moral young folks, but he does not give the per cent, or picture their lives. Harlem is certainly made up mostly of hard-working, respectable, ambitious citizens, but Claude McKay, trying to transfer to us primitive Negro emotions, gives the impression of a region of cabarets peopled with lusting wastrels. What is given is true, but we are deceived by the omissions.

CLAIRE AMBLER presents three panels in the career of Miss 1928. Each is done with the admirable wisdom of Booth Tarkington on the adolescent. Together they present a real human being who progresses from the cruel indifference of beauty without responsibility with her sudden awakening to the suffering she causes, through a beautiful interlude on the Mediterranean where she almost ruins three lives, and finally into a marriage at twenty-five, inspired partly by her fear that age will overtake her still a spinster and partly to save a foolish man from rebounding into the arms of a young thing whose emptiness she understands because by the grace of God she was once the same. "She was filled with pity, with tenderness and with amusement. She had forgotten herself and remembered him."

The middle panel is best done, for Tarkington remains an incurable romanticist. He gives us a brilliant, moving and wistfully charming study of Claire cutting athwart old cultures in a glamorous Italian scene. In love with love and sorry for all her lovers, she skirts a vendetta, is eager to sacrifice her youth by marrying a dying Englishman, upsets the scion of an ancient house—and then goes away full of memories but unscathed. This makes rich, dream-like



Portrait of Henrik Ibsen by Leopold Wächter, from Kunst und Leben, Leipzig, on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth

reading, but it records nothing peculiar to 1928. A southern belle on the grand tour in the Fifties might have wrought such havoc with her beauty, her sympathy, and her ignorance. This flapper is no more selfish than any lovely girl; perhaps she is less dangerous because of her sophistication. Claire is thin woven but charming, and rather spoils her creator's thesis.

THE RAMPANT AGE is by an eighteen-year-old high-school boy, and if it is true, one segment of high-school life is a tedious round of gin, jazz, automobile escapades, and "necking." The story follows a young lad through all the possible permutations of these elementals, and finally lands him no farther along than what once was called "puppy love." The author argues that these experiences are rather healthful in a way for they get young people through with wild oats at an early age. He passes the buck to the parents, and by a set of machine-made coincidences intimates that drinking and extravagance and infidelity at home breed their counterparts in the collegiate set.

His unconscious criticism of the regimented high-school system is the most revealing part of the book for the system is shown as wasting years of young life by inflexibility and mass methods that never awaken the imagination or enlist the splendid loyalty of youth. But the worst thing his elders have done to this author is to teach him how to write a book like this, for its skill in narration and its emphasis on the high spots prove precisely how this technique can be misused. It seems dubious whether the information to be gained from the volume is worth the risk of implanting in young readers the idea that "hot parties" are the rule nowadays, and that they must go and do likewise.

CAN a mother save a son with some taint of heredity from the temptations of sex and alcohol by suppressing all manifestations of these evils in his life? Anne India tried, in Meat, by Wilbur Daniel Steele. She spoils the innocence of her sound son and gay adopted daughter by accenting their young nakedness in a pool; she drags a statue of Venus into the attic; and she locks up the wine cellar that her husband's old Connecticut ancestors had been able to enjoy with discretion and dignity. Her mania, and the re-

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sistances of her husband who stands for nature and character rather than suppressions, produce a series of scenes vivid with those rich atmospheres and terrible conflicts of personality that Steele knows so well how to reproduce. Anne drives her good son into the very paths she hates; she exiles the girl; she becomes a stranger to her long-suffering husband —though by one of those omissions spoken of above, the effects of this tension on the rest of their lives is scarcely hinted. Then Rex, born with the horny spot in his skull, falls dead off a stump in a dark wood where he has been presiding—still pure and sober—over some ghastly saturnalia of village oafs.

Mr. Steele knocks over the straw man he has created. Despite his brilliance, his theme and his people have never come alive. What should have been treated with stern realism to tell its lesson has been made unreal by romance and morbidness until we cannot tell moonshine from daylight. The thesis remains: that liquor made into a fetich will destroy you, and sex thwarted will claim its own. One suspects Mr. Steele of being oppressed by prohibition.

The Negro, on one side, presents himself as a creature of painted moments. He preserves elemental emotions that are picturesque, even envied by the regimented white races; and he expresses them with gay abandon in drinking, sex, song, wanderlust, and fighting. Back to Harlem by Claude McKay, a Negro, and Rainbow Round My Shoulder by Howard W. Odum, of the University of North Carolina, are harsh but colorful transcriptions of this natural lyricism. Both deal with the same hero—not a man, but the primitive blood rhythms in this African-descended race. Both fail in part, and inevitably, I think, because they attempt the impossible—to put race urges into cold words. The mystic a-moral naturalism of the Negro is incommunicable: not to be talked about in either sense. McKay seeks to cross the gap by describing lovely flesh and coming back to some magic in Negro blood; he feels all the mystery of color —the black, the high-yellow, the chocolate, even the pansy color of dark skins touched with rouge. For the rest he falls back on realism (sadly cramped by the shadow of the censor) and gives us not the emotion, but the scenes and events and talk about the emotion. The result is partly brutal, partly dull, and sometimes to an alien rhythm rather sickening.

Drawing by Harry Knight, from Rainbow Round My Shoulder, by Howard W. Odum, published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company

This preoccupation with the body leaves out the striving that is perhaps the most hopeful and pitiful thing in the modern Negro. The Negro in Harlem and the South is transcending his elemental urges; he is winning a stake in the land and in work by industry, sobriety, good citizenship and education. He has high moments that do not depend on gin and jazz. The novels of Walter White and the plays of Paul Green must also be read to learn the aspiration and tragedy and struggle. But here we must be content with blood rhythms—the gorgeous fires that are slowly dying down.

Odum's conscious art is a better translator of emotion than McKay's realism for he puts rhythm in his dithyrambic and impressionistic style. Even more than the Harlem tale is his full of Negro song—cadenced revelations through work-songs, blues, and spirituals. The songs are symbols, not decorations. The result is a gay and gorgeous book, the saga of a ramblin' man through forty states and unnumbered occupations and amours, caught in the very words of the hero. There is an epic quality in this Odysseus who dances and fights through giant catastrophes and rib-cracking follies. Here is the veracity of the soil and the glamor of the eternal seeker. Here is real folk-lore that opens doors on wild scenes of lust and toil that we have almost forgotten can exist. The tale is full of blood—hot blood, bad blood, swift wanton spurts of blood from knife and gun wound—but it also catches delicate hints of Negro loneliness, religious yearning, mother love, and the deep desire for one's own home and children.

In both books the white man enters as law and task-master. Both reveal how caste lines and brutal toil force the Negro to seek escape in emotional violences. McKay is at his best in a study of life in the railroad dining-car, and Odum records the arid days of mule-drivers in construction camps, of roustabouts, and field hands. But the race problem they study is the problem of a race, and on one side only. They do throw light on that side, and Rainbow certainly is rich reading, woven of poetry, myth, and joy of living.

BAD GIRL, by Vina Delmar, tells of but one high moment lasting, as the doctor says, "ten lunar months." That moment is the coming and the birth of the baby that Dot, the typist, and Eddie, the radio man, have almost by accident in a Harlem flat. They meet on a river boat, go to the movies and eat chop suey, play Mother Nature's game for one mad moment—and marry. For after all they love each other. Dot is thrown out by a sour brother, but Eddie turns out to be real stuff. Edna and Maude and Pat —the gang—enter and exit from these lives, some wise, some wanton, and all etched with clear character strokes by this author of twenty-three who is, it seems, drawing much from her own life.

The pathos and charm and human drama of the book reside in the question: For Eddie, dare he let Dot have the baby he wants? For Dot, will Eddie hate the baby (and Dot too) for thus intruding on his male freedom? The answer is an honest and tender and wise study of Dot and her doctors, the white agony of the delivery room, and the queer days in that most democratic spot on earth, the maternity ward. Dot turns out not "bad" but a tender mother, Eddie lugs the baby home proudly in the taxi, and life swirls on.

This is a good book; these are real people; this is human nature, everybody pretty foolish, but pretty well-meaning. It is realism, but never dull—the inescapable baby provides thrill enough, thank you! And it is always clean, as birth is. It's fine case work too, with light for almost any newly-weds, and some clear data on the doctor who will fix you up if you get in trouble. This is the American scene, caught with fresh and undeceived eye, by youth for youth. It proves that in life, as in novels, it all depends on what you choose for your high moment.

LEON WHIPPLE

Timid America

LET FREEDOM RING, *by Arthur Garfield Hays. Boni & Liveright. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

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(*Continued on page* 180)

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The author is an advocate, but no dry-as-dust lawyer; he prunes away the legal abracadabra to reveal the human values imperilled by prejudice, ignorance, and procedure. Here are not briefs, but dramas, flashed on the screen with the brilliant gifts of a reporter, story teller, and social satirist. Scene and characters are etched with memorable vividness. You will chuckle at the solemn farce of Dayton, where Clarence Darrow in shirt-sleeves baited poor Mr. Bryan with his palm-leaf fan on the court-green in a hippodrome atmosphere. It was An American Comedy, but also a scene in the age-long struggle between two ways of thought. I think Mr. Hays does not quite understand the human value of the faith displayed by these plain folks, and he forgets that Mr. Bryan had for years been fighting for the rights of men and women as he saw them.

YOU will feel the tremendous ground-swell of race antagonism as the Sweet family, armed and terror-struck, bar themselves within their suburban castle. You will race, or wait, tense with impending doom, as the attorneys in Massachusetts seek even with airplanes to postpone the execution of two Italians who have become international symbols. The author's passion burns behind sentences of ironic fact. And always he has a gay sense of human foolishness and frailty, as in his sketch of Mencken on Boston Common, the timorous indecisions of the actors in The Captive, and in the tale of his own arrest. He protested he wants no guilt in his record. The rural justice replies: "Well, you aren't guilty then." And Lawyer Hays walks out.

As is the misfortune of true libertarians, he sees both sides; he grants decency to his opponents; he is tolerant, seeking not to achieve martyrdom or enchain devils, but to prove that liberty is the common homely need of everyday humans. "Liberty has its dangers, but in our American view they are not as serious as repression. The Bill of Rights is subject to interpretation; absolute freedom is not possible. . . . I know that liberty to swing my arm stops where the other fellow's nose begins." The plea of the book is for the real ideals and ancient spirit of America. The blood boils, not with class hatred, but "at the vision of our heritage thrown away, at the knowledge that the fight for freedom is left to the poor, forlorn, and defenseless and to radicals and revolutionaries who would make use of liberty to destroy rather than maintain American institutions."

His conclusions are bitter, though looking back at past intolerance he finds some hope. "There is no such thing as freedom of speech or assemblage concerning any subject that really matters. . . . Conformity is the watchword; order has become the fetish; prosperity is its hand-maiden, respectability its emblem." He calls the roll of laws that contradict the ideals of the Constitution. He decries the fear that will not let American institutions grapple with the truth; he pillories our Puritanic morals of repression; and at the bottom of all he finds fear.

I suggest that what we need is a study of the sources of this fear. Attacks on courts, law-makers, police, and people, however brilliant and informed, do not seem to get us anywhere. All Mr. Hays' cases have happened before, all will happen again. What he and Clarence Darrow and the Civil Liberties Union have done is necessary and noble. They succor protestants and preach freedom. But look at the outcome. Scopes was convicted, the case dropped, and the law discredited, yet Tennessee remains the same. Sweet's house is boarded up and empty. The Captive is off the stage, and the padlock law has just closed Maya. Athenian Boston sends away for literature. After the defenders left West Virginia one of their witnesses was slugged half dead. Sacco and Vanzetti are heroic memories. Civil liberty is better defined and defended today than ever in our history—but these gallant efforts do not put liberty into the breath and hearts of the people.

I think we had better study the fear-root of oppression, its genesis and essence. Mr. Hays has added brilliantly to a knowledge already full enough. Now let us have psychographs of economic captains, vice hunters, even judges and governors. Once we have clinical pictures of the various types, we can anticipate their reactions, expose their urges, and perhaps ridicule them into futility. We must prove that the only dangerous fear is the fear of truth. LEON WHIPPLE

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Justice First

JUSTICE FIRST, *by John A. Lapp. Century.* 185 *pp. Price* $2.25 *postpaid of The Survey.*

"WE WANT men of original perception and original action," said Emerson; "men of elastic, men of moral mind who can live in the moment and take a step forward." He might have been writing of John A. Lapp, who, in advance of this year's meeting at Memphis has crystallized in a thin volume the one hundred and fifty addresses he made throughout the country last year as president of the National Conference of Social Work.

Read it and you will understand why in the midst of our third-line trenches of social research, the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference (with which Dr. Lapp has long been identified) thrusts out like a fighting salient. He takes them all on—from the local board member, who avers that men are responsible for their own sicknesses, to the cabinet officer who expects "every man to stand up to the emery wheel of competition"—from the American Citizenship Foundation of Chicago, which pronounces that "the survival of the fittest is a basic principle of American life," to Mencken who asks, "Why save the weaklings to be the unfits of a few years hence?"—from politicians who work "economy to the point of social death," to the high officials whose slogans are "the business of the United States is business," and "the less government the better." He might have added those reversionists who, because of prohibition and war-time coercion, have come to distrust all legislation as a tool of democracy, as well as such psychiatrists and case workers as pin their faith so tightly to individual readjustment as to impair confidence in concerted action.

For to Dr. Lapp society is firmly based only when the "legal structure and the economic institutions are most faithfully joined by principles of right and justice." Government and collective effort are to him friendly resources of the common man in achieving human welfare. He goes back to the common law of England which enfolded society and adjusted itself to slow changes until with the shattering impact of the Industrial Revolution it "ceased to protect the rights and the integrity of man." He traces the tremendous economic movements of the last half century in America which have so outstripped the machinery and powers of government that there are wide twilight zones where "common and statute law do not reach and where justice does not reign." We had seemed "about to push the boundaries of social control forward into the unprotected areas . . . when war—the destroyer of ideals as well as of human beings—brushed justice and social progress aside." He calls on us anew "to go forward to envelop our social and economic institutions in the folds of justice. . . . Individual rights without social protection make a mockery of freedom."

It must have been twenty years ago that, speaking before the National Conference of Socal Work at Boston, Louis D. Brandeis delineated four great hazards confronting the rank and file of the American people under our mounting industrialization. Of their consequences his auditors had evidence in their daily work—in hospitals and orphanages, in charitable societies and institutions, in shattered homes and devastated neighborhood life. Salvage was not enough: Brandeis laid it as a charge on social work to build for security.

His four hazards were accidents, sickness, unemployment, old age. And these four were the central themes of Dr. Lapp's speaking. He could tell of the spread of safety engineering and workmen's compensation laws in all but five states, of the rapid development of health activities, of the strides made under the Civilian Rehabilitation Act of 1919 which grew out of our war-time experience. His is the optimism of action, linked with the robust discontent of a realist. For he drives home that fifty per cent of the burden of industrial accidents still stays where it first falls—on the backs of killed and injured workers and their households. He marshalls the figures that show where the shots fly from what Michael M. Davis has dubbed the "blunderbuss of sickness": "the bulk of the families escape, while the burden falls disastrously" upon the 750,000 working people who suffer three, six, nine, or twelve months' incapacity. He gives bitter irony to his treatment of unemployment by portraying that with the conquest of disease and

How Free Is America?

From the human point of view of the lover of freedom, and the formal view of the man of law, Mr. Hays shows the state of liberty in America today. Mr. Hays has won a place beside Clarence Darrow as a liberal advocate of note. His book tells astonishing stories, surprising facts, drawing upon an amazing and varied experience, including the Scopes trial, the Sweet case in Detroit involving Negro segregation, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, etc. *Illustrated* $2.50

THE NEW CRIMINOLOGY
by Dr. Max Schlapp *and* Edward H. Smith

Dr. Schlapp was one of the outstanding neurologists in America. This book was finished just before the lamented death of both of the authors. Dr. Schlapp's studies of the relation between crime and mental and glandular disorders were the inspiration of many of Governor Smith's social reforms and of his recent move to reform criminal procedure. Mr. Edward Smith's intensive knowledge of crime and crime history made this practiced writer the ideal collaborator for Dr. Schlapp. *Illustrated with charts, case photographs.* $4.00

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the mechanization of production "life has been lengthened for the aged and their means of living has been lessened."

Dependent old age Dr. Lapp pictures as the sequence to the "great calamities of life" thus recounted and our failure to devise "adequate means to protect the workers against them." Our surface prosperity, shared in by those who succeed, tends to blind us to the sapping and mining which goes on beneath the surface. Yet we are the richest country in the world, with funds such as no other civilization ever had at its disposal to checkmate social distress.

As a way out, Dr. Lapp is himself an advocate of social insurance and old-age pensions. The stewards of our philanthropic foundations may not see eye to eye with him there. But would they balk at serious effort to gauge the devastating incidence of these four causes, to audit where the burden of them falls, to appraise how far individual thrift, charity and governmental aid provide a reasonable system for dealing with them, and to examine with an open mind experience and proposals that might ease and spread their economic load? The national study of the economics of medicine should throw light on one angle of the situation. The Study of Recent Economic Changes by the National Bureau of Economic Research, on another. But there is need to box the compass from the standpoint of the distribution of what Charles Zeublin once called *illth*.

Accidents, sickness, unemployment, old age—the hazards which Louis Brandeis visualized, the insecurity which John Lapp demonstrates: It would be illuminating to analyze our national budget of social work and see how much of it has gone this last year into reckoning with them constructively. Until and unless we do, our concern from the standpoint of Dr. Lapp's presentment is with justice last.

PAUL U. KELLOGG

What's on the Bolshevik Mind

COMMUNISM, *by Harold J. Laski. Holt. 254 pp. Price* $1.00 *postpaid of The Survey.*

KARL MARX'S INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY, *by Mandell M. Bober. Harvard University Press. 370 pp. Price* $3.50 *postpaid of The Survey.*

MARX AND LENIN, *by Max Eastman. Albert and Charles Boni. 267 pp. Price* $2.00 *postpaid of The Survey.*

SOME people think that the Bolsheviks are dangerous madmen, some that they are the inspired and therefore deeply misunderstood evangelists of a nobly beautiful new world. For most of us, they are as perplexing an emanation of human nature as Genghis Khan and his tribesmen. We'd like to understand them, but, being of another tradition from theirs, we can't make out what they have on their mind. Here are three books that give a clue to the puzzle.

Harold Laski, in a compact little volume, terse and brilliant, presents the communist "theses" with a conscientious detachment that fulfills his aspiration so to state them that "advocates would recognize that even an opponent can state them fairly." He is a critic, but a critic who believes that "those who represent the Bolshevists as a set of unprincipled adventurers in German pay do sorry service to the understanding of the greatest event in history since the Reformation." Sustained by the dignity of that appraisal, he hands down an opinion pervaded by the catholicity and clean-cut thinking of those great men of the bench whom he admires. After reading this brief and argument for the defendants at the bar of the world, no one need any longer be in doubt as to what the Communist "theses" are, or what the strategy of the Bolshevists is.

The life of Karl Marx, Mr. Laski says, was the "turning point in Communist history." But his abstract and epitome of the doctrines of Marx tempt the reader to reopen the communist bible, Das Kapital, and associated works not only of Marx but also of Marx's fellow revolutionist-on-paper, Engels. Those are vast and forbidding volumes, from which most readers, not touched by a spark of religious fanaticism, are likely to turn away. At this point, they should welcome the assistance of Mandell M. Bober, associate professor of economics in Lawrence College, whose book is a lucid and readable paraphrase of the Communist classic. Mr. Bober resists all temptation to improve on his original except in the matters of clearness and brevity. His work might have been called Marx Made Easy, even though, after Mr. Bober has done

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his best, the smoke and fog of the bilious Marxian metaphysics still hover about his Interpretation.

Neither Laski nor Bober questions the complete sanity of their subjects; overtly and by implication, they question the logic of their "theses," but they deal with them objectively as one good logician would deal with another whose premises he questioned. Max Eastman, himself a neo-Marxian apostle, has no use for such scholastic solemnity. Though the Bolshevist church is of such recent origin, he reveals a modernist movement already in full cry inside the fold. For him the Hegelian dialectic, which Marx and Engels and Lenin preached as a sort of divine revelation, is evidence of psychopathic infantilism, an emanation of a Freudian wish. So he psychoanalyzes Hegel and Marx and Lenin, and does the job superbly. He psychoanalyzes the Bolshevists and sweeps away their whole "animistic" metaphysical furnishings, bag and baggage. He leaves practically nothing of their outfit except their revolutionary performance.

Lenin as a philosopher he finds about as infantile as Hegel and Marx; Lenin as "the engineer of the revolution," he appraises as one of the great men of the world. But when he quotes Lenin as declaring that it makes no difference whether his professional revolutionists belong to the working class or not, that "the organization of revolutionists ought to embrace first of all and chiefly people whose profession consists of revolutionary activity . . . all distinction between workers and intelligentsia should be obliterated, to say nothing of distinctions between this and that separate profession," one wonders what becomes of the "proletarian" essence of the Bolshevist revolution. And since revolutionary engineering consists of nothing more than the application of common sense and real science to the ordering of the economic and educational life of the state, why the need of revolution as distinguished from engineering at all? One recalls Sorel's Reflections on Violence and the argument to the effect that while the myth of the general strike was, so to speak, an example of infantilism, its value was that it put purpose and idealistic fire into those who without it would remain intellectually sluggish and emotionally dead. One wonders after reading this superb piece of historical psychoanalysis whether, after exposing the infantilism of the Hegelian dialectic as chanted by the Marxian apostles, Max Eastman ought not to psychoanalyze his own revolution as a vestigial Freudian wish.

But this is a book that no one who delights in the processes of a fine brain that can express itself beautifully should miss. Laski and Bober state in clear terms what the Bolshevists say they mean; Eastman reveals what is really on their minds.

ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

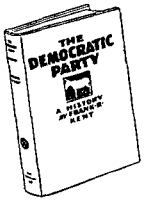
Once a King in Haiti

BLACK MAJESTY, *by John W. Vandercook. Harper's. 207 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE shifting sands of Negro life and culture continue to filter into American literature, the national theater and the realms of social discussions. Within the past month three remarkable books of different aspects of Negro life have appeared: Rainbow Round My Shoulder by Howard W. Odum, the chronicle of a black roustabout; Home to Harlem by Claude McKay, a frank unshrinking exposé of the lower depths of New York's Negro Mecca with no extenuations offered; and Black Majesty, a glowing, richly woven story of Haiti under her three black kings, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Jean Jacques Dessalines, and Henry Christophe. One who can sound the general index of Negro feeling toward the portrayal of Negroes in fiction, might safely hazard the guess that most of the dark thumbs will be reversed on Home to Harlem, for the very reason that so many critics have already heralded it as outdistancing Nigger Heaven in its own field; Rainbow Round My Shoulder is apt to find a warmer welcome, but one limited for the most part to an academic circle or to those especially interested in the ways of Negro folk-lore. But in Black Majesty the Negro reader will find related his heritage of an ancient glory, his right to a royal lineage, the blurred and faded outlines of a once shining coat of arms; and it should be pardoned him if for a day or two after the perusal of this book he moves with a high head and an arrogant tread.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY
By FRANK R. KENT



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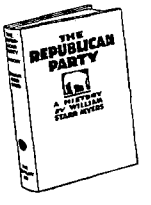

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I wish there were some way of broadcasting to Negrodom this information from the archives of Haiti: that once in Haiti "no one was indolent or dirty, for indolence and filth were forbidden by the king. Factories were busy and the bay was filled with ships. The great plain between the hills was a sugar field, the finest in the world, its area measured by hundreds of square miles. Along the roads out of the town, roads bedded evenly with gleaming white stones, were plantations owned by Negroes who bore with dignity the titles of duke and baron and count. The northern half of Haiti was a kingdom that during its brief span of life ranked in the opinion of Europe with the most forceful of the New World powers. There were two men of transcendent greatness then—Napoleon of France and the king of Haiti, Henry Christophe, the only man alive who had defeated him in war."

Aside from the vigorous, often purely poetic style in which it is written, this book has larger and more enduring values. It should serve as a social and moral stimulus to twelve million people who can well afford the incitement of such short-lived brilliance as is herein inscribed. And for the Negro dramatist, he who has not yet arrived among us but whose messianic advent we patiently wait, here are the cores of as many tragedy laden dramas as he could dare to cope with in a lifetime. The racially-minded Negro poet with an epic ambition need search no further for a subject. Vandercook has measured the breadth of Ethiopia's wings, and though the gaunt frames are now bare with the moulting season, once they were wide and gayly plumed.

COUNTEE CULLEN

China—?

CHINA—A NATION IN EVOLUTION, *by Paul Monroe. Macmillan. 447 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
CHINA—WHERE IT IS TODAY AND WHY, *by Thomas F. Millard. Harcourt, Brace. 350 pp. Price $2.75 postpaid of The Survey.*
WHITHER CHINA, *by Scott Nearing. International Publishers. 225 pp. Price $1.75 postpaid of The Survey.*
BEYOND THE BUND, *by Philip Kerby. Payson & Clarke. 272 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

DR. PAUL MONROE has written for the average reader a most readable and clear account, attractively illustrated, of just what is going on in China and how China "got that way." Because of his wide experience in China as a lecturer, as an adviser on educational reorganization, and as a member of the board that supervises the expenditure of the second returned portion of the American Boxer Indemnity, known as the China Foundation, Dr. Monroe has had wide experience in China and close personal contact with her educational leaders.

The first half gives a clear picture of China's background—physical, social, intellectual and religious; the history of her contact with the West and of her experiment in democracy. In the chapter on The People and Physical Background, the old impression of a nation abounding in mineral resources is shown to be false. Dr. Monroe consequently sees in China no early rival to the West in extensive machine production. This contention is fully justified by the research into China's mineral resources made by Foster Bain. The social organization in clan, village and guild is particularly well drawn and the resulting localism of the people depicted—an attitude of mind perhaps the greatest hindrance to the developing of civic and national cohesion.

The second half of the book deals mainly with contemporary movements—the development of nationalism and an evaluation of the People's Party, and the influence of Russia, with its good effects in aiding the Nationalists in achieving party unity and its demoralizing influence in releasing forces that could not be controlled.

America's policies are perhaps drawn in a light a bit too rosy. "America's official relations with China are clear and commendable; her attitude has been uniformly just and friendly." This contention is in the main correct, and substantiated by Dr. Monroe's admirable historical sketch of Sino-American relations. The failure of the United States since the Washington conference to strike out in a positive policy of her own and her recent tendency to lay great stress on solidarity of action with Great Britain, Japan and the other "Powers," is revealed by Millard.

Dr. Monroe deals discerningly with the missionary situation, showing the justifiable demands of the Chinese Christians for an autonomous church and the national demand for supervision of

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education in China. The missionary as an expert adviser and co-worker is still needed, but certain of the older attitudes and relationships of domination and control by the foreigner are no longer acceptable.

Chapter 14 clearly depicts the present mental and emotional "set" revealing the Chinese point of view freely and clearly. The last chapter gives the viewpoint of various groups of foreigners on the Chinese situation.

Dr. Monroe closes his book by an appeal for a policy and attitude of constructive helpfulness. "Shall not America say with the great humanitarians of a century ago 'We take our stand with those who are struggling out of darkness into light.'" The difficulties of the present situation in China are not minimized in this book but the constructive forces making for readjustment are clearly portrayed. This study will go far in helping to form an attitude toward China of the character Dr. Monroe advocates.

Thomas F. Millard, the veteran American correspondent and editor in Shanghai, gives us a series of loosely related discussions on changing China. They are, however, extremely suggestive. The attitude of each of the four great interested nations is well shown. The present chaos is not underestimated nor are the foreign powers blamed as the sole cause of China's trouble. The futility of longer "protecting" foreign rights by enforcing the archaic treaties is explained. After reading this book one is not surprised that the Chinese students in America consider Millard the fairest American correspondent in China.

Scott Nearing in Whither China? has written a very readable little book, packed full of economic data. Its weakness is the attempt to explain the confusion that is China in terms of economic factors *alone*. When the book was written, Russian influence had been challenged, but the Russians still had considerable power. Russia is treated as the paragon of cooperation and good will, uniting most of Asia in a great modern crusade against decadent Europe and reactionary America. The moderate Nationalists are considered as in league with the western exploiters. The future world struggle is pictured as between capitalistic America and organized cooperative Asia and Russia.

Certain factors are neglected. The original exploitation of China was by marauding adventurers in the pre-capitalistic era. Capitalism can't be blamed here. The masses of agricultural China are desperately poor because there are too many mouths to feed. The farmers are not exploited by landlords in most of the farming area. China has her tenant problem, especially in her famine area, but she is not a second Ireland. In vast areas where the farmer owns his own land, he is also desperately poor. The present uprising for radical and cultural unity is essentially nationalistic, not international in nature—as the Russian advisers have recently learned to their sorrow. There is more in common with liberated Czecho-Slovakia or Poland in this nationalism than with class struggle in Russia. Chinese nationalism flourished and was vital before Soviet Russia existed. Nearing's attempt to identify all vitality in the nationalist movement with communism and to find in the operations of foreign merchants and foreign and Chinese capitalistic exploitation the sole cause of China's trouble, loses sight of the complexity of the actual problem.

Philip Kerby's Beyond the Bund is a series of entertaining pen pictures of the way the "queer Chinese" look to the thoroughly "Shanghaized" foreign resident. Surface glamor, mystery and beauty are found in odd places. The *compradere*, the beach-comber and other characters of the foreign settlement are vividly portrayed.

J. Stewart Burgess

Yenching University, Peking

The Conquest of Marriage

MODERN YOUTH AND MARRIAGE, *by Henry Neumann. Appleton. 148 pp. Price $1.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

HAVE you read Judge Lindsey and the Russells on marriage? Then, by all means, read Dr. Neumann. Are you struggling with the "companionate" idea, with the idea of "sex-freedom" and "self-expression"? Take his Modern Youth and Marriage away with you for a week-end, as I did, and in the freshness of the early spring woods, in the absolute

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quiet that permits you to bind yourself to your book, read of mated responsibility and loyalty and permanence. Illuminating the struggles of daily life, Dr. Neumann sees the far ends of finer living. This is a stabilizing and exalting book. If you are not a week-ender, at least read the book on a roof-top. It is not of the city streets.

If you are of the happily married, you will find inspiration toward new levels of living, for to Dr. Neumann marriage is a growing and ever-creative process. If you are in that desperate condition where divorce is inevitable, you will be enabled to face your "surgical operation" with courage. If you are the unhappy struggler in a situation of tension, there is encouragement in the book to work through to a possible solution. But if you are of that vast and much confused multitude called "modern youth," to you in particular Dr. Neumann speaks. He warns against the "romantic illusions," he contrasts naturalism in sex with the spiritual conquests of all the generations, and he defines real as against fancied sex-freedom.

At times Dr. Neumann seems a little too stern, a little overburdened by "duty and responsibility." Why not re-define and illuminate the word "happiness" instead of throwing it on the dust heap? Do not duty and responsibility become a heightened form of happiness when viewed, not as isolated acts, but as means toward greater goals? We need, it seems to me, a profounder faith in true happiness.

Dr. Neumann feels that companionate marriage is an attempt to build up a "new ethics out of people's weakness." He realizes the pathos of mismating, but he does not find in the companionate idea a solution. The pleading for a looser union "looks ultimately in the direction of sanctioning indulgence rather than promoting control." To be sure, companionate union may be preferred to unrestricted gratification for those who have already gone wrong, if there is no other alternative. But is there no other alternative? asks Dr. Neumann. It is difficult to find that he gives a specific answer. But for others, the ideal of a possible impermanence is, in the thought of Dr. Neumann, to go back upon all that is best in the spiritual advance of mankind. ELSIE BURR OVERSTREET

Paragons and Prodigal

SOUTHERN CHARM, *by Isa Glenn. Knopf. 301 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

WITH a deft hand Isa Glenn Schindel culls the sensitive plant of Southern chivalry called charm. Neatly she strips it of its "lilies and languors" to bring them under the acid test of an analysis which is an example of ironic detachment. An edged pen dipped in gall and honey limns the Southern variety of clinging vines. They are parasites; women who—with one exception—have their roots in the mold of Georgia tradition. Throughout this study of character Mrs. Schindel's steel seldom falters. In a salient way, it points up the morals and manners of people caught by a situation long sealed, suddenly sprung open. And the things that happen to their minds and hearts under stress of the moment make memorable the space of the night and day this book occupies.

The story has to do with an elderly southern widow, Mrs. Habersham, and her daughter Alice May, married to a Park Avenue prize—a "Northerner" but nice! Both women are paragons of propriety; products of a society which decrees that a "lady's" whole creed should be the cult of her charms in order to please the male—and to have it all her own way. The round of days spent in a rut of shopping and sociability suffices them until by chance they meet in the Waldorf lobby with the lost soul of the Habersham family.

This Laura, who is the younger of Mrs. Habersham's two daughters, both mother and sister left in Europe years ago to shift for herself; they let her out when at seventeen she gave birth to an illegitimate child. From that time on people were told that poor little Laura had passed away of fever in Rome! Now they meet this affront to their tender sensibilities, looking not only comely but content. Though they prefer to believe her deep in sin, they do the noble thing—as they see it—by inviting her to tea the next day. Tense hours follow for mother and daughter. When Laura comes on the scene, her spirit as a worker, absorbed in her shop, contrasted with the spurious charms of the human meal-tickets gathered together to drink cocktails, provides an interplay rich in drama.

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Isa Glenn knows her people from the cradle up and she deals with them to the degree their actions or attitudes warrant. If, saving Laura, they seem an inane lot, warped in their ways, they are nevertheless drawn with an accuracy which is the work of a craftsman. However "flat, stale and unprofitable" they appear in a world where only effort and the fruit of effort hold, they are none the less authentic. This is perhaps a scant novel but every word counts in the short coil of episodes charged with a force from within. And scenes such as the one in which Laura quietly brings home to her mother to what lengths a heart in pain can be driven, leave no doubt that Isa Glenn is an artist who has learned to play upon the strings of life.

HALLE SCHAFFNER

Idealism, Front and Back

LENIN AND GANDHI, *by René Fülöp-Miller. Putnam's, New York and London. 343 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE MIND AND FACE OF BOLSHEVISM, *by the same. Knopf, New York. 433 pp. Price $6.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
PRESENT-DAY RUSSIA, *by Ivy Lee. Macmillan, New York. 206 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

IT was a thing of genius—I think no one else has thought of it—to match the two outstanding characters of the Oriental world—Lenin of Russia, Gandhi of India—who together more or less perfectly illustrate the little boy's aphorism that "not even God could make a dog's tail with only one end." Here with a vengeance are modern radicalism's two extremes! It is logically appropriate to tie up in the same bundle the same author's brilliant illumination of the Bolshevik enigma. I wish R. W. B. had not beaten me to Max Eastman's Marx and Lenin (reviewed elsewhere in this issue), because it would have been fun to run the whole gamut. However, inspired perhaps by the divvle himself, I discharge my own spirit of mischief by bunching in instead Ivy Lee's report of his adventures and observations in Russia.

Long years Bismarck vaccinated Germany against Marxian Socialism by stealing some of its superficial forms. Only the German mind, out of all the minds in the world, could fully comprehend Marx's own exposition of his philosophy of economic history; and it has been of the ironical logic of fate that the realization of the truth of that philosophy had to await the fulfillment of it by events and developments, in considerable measure creating as they went along immunity against their own operation. And it has been another of the oddities of history that the dramatization of Marx's belief that industrialism would bring about its own destruction, should take place—at least temporarily—in a country hardly to be called industrial at all; a country, too, belonging on the whole to the Orient.

Furthermore, as I have intimated, the range from Marx through Lenin to Gandhi sweeps the whole gamut, from the Marxian expectation that economic development would automatically remedy its own evils, through Lenin's belief that a temporary régime of arbitrary force in the hands of the proletariat is justifiable pending equilibrium in a desired state of governmental rather than anarchistic communism—to what without much straining might be called the Christian ideal of individual liberty sustained by the awful power of non-resistance.

No one that I know of has better or more objectively delineated either Lenin or the Indian Gandhi than this German, Fülöp-Miller. These two immense men between them embrace the whole controversy of human progress; the whole problem of social attainment. . . . Must social wisdom—whatever that may mean—be gained as individual wisdom is gained, by trial and error, free responsible choices; or must it, can it, be expedited by the dictatorship, not of superior groups but of groups who *say* they are superior and have the weapons with which to shoot off the heads of those who say, or are suspected of suspecting, that they are not?

Here you have them—Lenin who represents the one phase, Gandhi who represents the other; the Sword and the Spirit. And with German thoroughness the same author has studied and depicted what has come in Russia of the Lenin enterprise, in the attempt to cultivate a mass-consciousness, in the growth at least superficial of a materialism displacing the dense superstition which preceded it; in the consequences upon government, social life, science, education, art, morals, religion.

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Beside these two momentous volumes Ivy Lee's slender contribution seems fairly trivial. Yet it is as good as any, better than most, of the skimmings of the casual traveler. A well-written Sunday-feature story of personal adventure, with a tolerably successful attempt to be unbiased. It is most striking as an exhibit of the temper of the western mind in looking upon the phenomena of an Oriental cataclysm. It is the story of a hurried trip—ten days—by a keen observer wholly unfitted by training and temperament to understand what he was seeing, otherwise than as an outsider. Nevertheless, as a purely journalistic narrative of travel and observation—which is all that it purports to be—it is a distinguished success. If you want to know what you might see in a ten days' trip to, and in, Russia, if you had rather exceptional opportunities, and improved them all, this is about the best book that I have seen. As a foil for Fülöp-Miller it is almost ideal—whichever you choose to read first. JOHN PALMER GAVIT

This is America!

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LIFE. *Edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox.* Vol. II. The First Americans. 1607-1690. *By T. J. Wertenbaker.* 358 *pp.* Vol. III. Provincial Society. 1690-1763. *By James Truslow Adams.* 374 *pp.* Vol. VI. The Rise of the Common Man. 1830-1850. *By C. R. Fish.* 391 *pp.* Vol. VIII. The Emergence of Modern America. 1865-1878. *By Allan Nevins.* 446 *pp. Macmillan. Price* $4.00 *each postpaid of The Survey.*

THE authors of these volumes, the opening quartette of a series that is to include ten more, might be insulted if told that they were doing for history what Hearst and Pulitzer did for journalism. And then again, they might not. For they have turned their backs upon the dignified search of official archives which was once the business of the historian, as the reporting of official events was once that of the journalist, and in letters, diaries, "cheap" literature, newspapers, advertisements, and catalogs they have sought the data for a picture not of government but of life. Not the least exciting of their pages are those descriptive of the sources.

It is rich reading. The women of New England, a traveler reported nearly two hundred years ago, "smoke in Bed, Smoke as th-y nead their bread, Smoke whilst they're Cooking." Men "washed" in those days by going swimming in summer; of female ablutions there is no record. The Indians so frightened the good parents of Deerfield, in 1703, that they no longer dared keep children under twelve at work in the fields. The first record of ice-cream in America seems to date from 1744. The Pilgrims planted corn for twelve years before they had a plow; but the log cabin that we think of as primitive did not arrive until 1660. New Orleans in 1871 had an ice factory that made seventy-two tons of ice daily, and two Wisconsin students in 1871 invented the shower-bath. Professional baseball, friction matches, household sculpture, rugs *vs.* carpets, prison reform and lack of reform, the advent of music in American life—these matters receive more weight than presidential politics.

What our ancestors ate, what games they played, what sort of beds they slept in, and what pictures they hung on their walls, what books they read, and how many of them could read—such data give new life to history. It is doing for an age what the new biographers have done for individuals; doing for a century what the modern newspaper, with its comics, its recipes, puzzles, fashion items, sports news, hints for home decoration does for the passing moment. It is reflecting people not as they would like to be, but as they are. It is making history readable, and it ought to make it popular.

Moreover, the authors have been as much interested in the South and in the frontier as in the New England happy hunting-ground of the older historians. Mr. Wertenbaker and Mr. Adams destroy the old myth that the South and New England were settled by very different people; they trace the course by which slavery remolded southern civilization, as Mr. Nevins follows the outlines of its return to normal. They succeed—not always, but with engaging frequency—in introducing into history the technique of the motion picture. Instead of the old posed portraits we have here flashes of unconscious living, now in Virginia, now in Connecticut, now in Kentucky or in Wisconsin. Instead of a static record of events we see people whose daily life and thinking drives them along channels not unlike our own, in the changing current that we know as history. LEWIS S. GANNETT

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ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BUSINESS WOMAN. *Little, Brown. 205 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

ONE who has mixed dough with her own hands knows the loaf and relishes the bread, as can no diner on the baker's product know and appraise. So, kneading it with heroic effort, Alice Foote MacDougall knows life—the life of a woman and a business woman.

Her family presented her with a quality equipment of social standards and a thorough training in household achievement: from her mother—order, the ingredients of creature comfort, and love of hospitality; from her father, and the tradition of her greatgrandfather, Stephen A. Allen, mayor of New York in the 1820's, business ability and the courage to venture.

As a child of five, Miss Alice tried her hand at commerce, striving to please doll customers with spools and bits of lace from her mother's sewing table. Little did she dream then or through the years of her rich young girlhood that the ideals of the successful shopkeeper—honesty, hard work, daring, and a fair return for a fair portion—would write themselves upon her bewitching face.

An early and disastrous marriage left her at forty penniless and with three children to support. After a period of actual want, Mrs. MacDougall saw that she must choose between fight and flight. To her the second alternative never recommended itself. She was made of the stuff of winners.

She relates the stirring tale of her years of struggle to establish a coffee business in lower Manhattan. A bin for the beans, a packing-box for desk and another for chair, and she set about getting orders from her friends, sometimes delivering packages at the service entrance of houses of which the front door was familiar to her. She asked no help ("Competition *is*," she says) and started to compete, with no favor. Funds to pay running expenses were scarce, not for months merely but for years. From 1907 when she opened on Front Street, to 1912, she ran close to the wrong edge of the ledger—but never the edge of failure, a word which Mrs. MacDougall washed from her lexicon with tears.

She tells in Chapter VII some secrets of success—not of success in general but of her own: an inventory of one's abilities and limitations; elimination of false pride; honesty; imagination; flexibility; courage; faith in God, man and oneself. To her, however, life has meant "the growing of a soul." This ideal she has fostered in her waitresses and aides by talks on developing beauty and sympathy in the place of hatred and ugliness. The bread thus cast has come back to her buttered, making her restaurants havens for hungry humans—soul, plus pleasing surroundings, and generous jugs of cream. She has prospered also by her ability to see and seize an advantage. For example: "I was convinced," she says in stating her anti-feminist stand during the drive for woman suffrage, "that I must in some way utilize the great wave of feminine emotion. And then it was, and because of this thought, that the business of the obscure A. F. MacDougall burst forth into the glory of Alice Foote MacDougall." *Sic venit gloria mundi!*

As large as Mrs. MacDougall's achievement, is her measuring-stick of success. She owns a several-million-dollar business, but "money has very little to do with the riches of the soul, which in the end are all one has," she says. Life is to her "a pie which you cut in large slices, not grudgingly, not sparingly." It is "to be used, not cherished. It is to be spent, not saved."

GRACE HATHEWAY

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tain the peace." Sentimentality and ignorance have had their day.

In the chapter on The Naval Arm of Diplomacy, one passage offers such a sharp contrast in Occidental and Oriental points of view that, reading it, I am sure the old philosopher, Sun-Tzu, or any modern philosopher in China today, might well despair of helping the West to understand the East:

> An ancient Chinese philosopher, Sun-Tzu, laid down the principle twenty-five hundred years ago that the greatest general was he who won the battle without fighting. A corollary of this is that it is an essential function of a navy to support policies so effectively and to safeguard interests so surely that any one tempted to thwart them will not dare do so.

Taking up in turn the Geography of Position, the Geography of Production, the Conflict of Policies and the Imponderables, Mr. Roosevelt reaches his main argument in the last section, The Balance of Power. One fact stands out supreme throughout his treatment of Pacific problems: "that it is to the interest of the British Empire—or at least the Dominions—and of Holland and the United States to see the *status quo* preserved in this entire area." As a very obvious corollary to such an argument he stresses most emphatically the direct relationship between national policy and sea power. Indeed, I think the book was misnamed. Peace through Naval Power might have been more apt.

American interests in the Pacific are geographic, political, commercial, sentimental, diplomatic and strategic. To the strategic main attention is paid. Picturing the navy not only as an implement of war, but as an arm of diplomacy which insures support of "a nation's legitimate interests and aspirations in time of peace," the argument naturally follows that the necessity of supporting our policies, in peace as well as in war, places on us the onus of maintaining naval forces and bases in the Pacific second to none.

Unusual emphasis is laid upon America's relation with the Philippines. Our conduct in these islands, which constitute by far the larger part of the American burden, is pictured as of vital importance in America's pacific policy—as being indeed the keynote by which all our other acts in Asia are to be judged. Indeed, so heavily does Mr. Roosevelt feel the load of the "white man's burden," and so delicately adjusted is the balance of power in the Pacific, that he fears the slightest mistake may release disruptive forces of grave consequence, the consequences being to his mind largely interrupted trade.

What possible solution maintenance of the *status quo*—especially when the *status quo* is admittedly so "restless"—can be considered to achieve, is beyond the ken of the average man, even though he tries to think without sentiment. With Japan pressed by an overflowing population and the need for raw materials, with China demanding a status of equality and full sovereignty among the nations, with the Philippines struggling for a larger measure of political independence, the Dutch East Indies feeling the leaven, India full of discontent and Russia encouraging all that discourages her enemy, Britain, how can any mind conceive so simple a solution as increased naval power —even with its accompanying increased trade and command over raw materials essential to the weaker nations; how can that really do more than breed new distrust and rivalry elsewhere, and greater restlessness in the Pacific? Is it too sentimental to wonder if right is not something greater than might? Surely a big navy offers no real solution when the problem is largely economic—the distribution of raw materials essential to life and civilization.

D. M. HILL

Isadora Duncan

MY LIFE, *by Isadora Duncan. Boni & Liveright. 359 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

MOST autobiographers write about all those events that did not cut too deep. In this naïve great book, Isadora Duncan writes only about those that did cut deep; the trivialities that make up the sum of most lives seem never to have grazed her consciousness.

From her babyhood she overrode all the difficulties between her and her goal with serene assurance. These difficulties concerned food, shelter, clothes and transportation, never that expensive item in the budgets of most artists—the opportunity to study with the best masters; for from the beginning, Isadora

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taught herself and others. Yet she did not underestimate craftsmanship. "It has taken me years of struggle, hard work and research," she observes, "to learn to make one simple gesture, and I know enough about the art of writing to realize that it would take me again just so many years of concentrated effort to write one simple, beautiful sentence. . . . All the marvellous things that have happened to me may lose their savor because I do not possess the pen of a Cervantes or even of Casanova." That they do not lose savor is due largely to the extraordinary candor with which they are set down; a candor so great that those critics do not err who compare it with that of Rousseau. Isadora finds space too scant to mention all the great men who loved her; and yet specifies two who refused.

THERE is in every human being something stubborn and primeval, that cannot be subtracted from or added to, and that is unaffected by the phases through which the person goes. We see this something in the six-year-old baby who began to teach other babies to wave their arms in the air. We see it in the ten-year-old who stopped going to school because these early classes had grown so large and profitable; in the little girl who took her mother to Chicago in search of an artist's career and who, after some exhausting weeks during which they were turned out of their room for lack of funds and, selling a lace collar from Isadora's neck, subsisted on tomatoes until a pot-boiling engagement was gained, was able eventually to wire home—"Triumphant engagement. Augustin Daly. Must reach New York first October. Wire a hundred dollars for fare."

It was characteristic of the whole Duncan family that the lace collar should have been invested in tomatoes, rather than in more substantial food; and that Elizabeth and Augustin should have arrived in Chicago a few days after the receipt of the telegram, adding two more mouths to be fed. Did they not afterwards sink several fortunes in the building of a replica of Agamemnon's palace on a hill in Greece, only to find when it was partly done that there was no water on the hill? It was characteristic of the whole clan that they should have been so excited on first seeing London, and should have spent so many days in the British Museum, and so many hours dashing about the streets in buses, that they forgot all about money, until returning one afternoon to their rooms, they found the doors locked against them and their trunks detained.

But it could have happened only to Isadora that one day in New York, when she was dancing to her mother's playing of Narcissus, Ethelbert Nevin himself should have come dashing into her bare studio to command her to stop, should have reluctantly agreed to see the dance, should have been charmed by it and "proposed at once that we should give some concerts together in the small music room at Carnegie Hall," with the result that a short time after her penniless arrival in New York, she was dancing for Mrs. Astor in Newport. It could have happened only to Isadora that a few weeks after she had been tramping the streets of London for three days and nights without food or shelter, she and Raymond, being put in good spirits by the receipt of money from Elizabeth in New York, should have expressed their joy by dancing in the Kensington Gardens at the precise moment that Mrs. Patrick Campbell strolled by.

The really Arabian Nights quality of the tale dates from this chance meeting with Mrs. Campbell, and her introduction of Isadora to various English artists. The days are very near when *die göttliche Isadora* is to be drawn in triumph through the streets of Berlin every night; when she is to discuss philosophy with Haeckel and enjoy cerebral love with Hermann Thode; when she is to meet Gordon Craig, inspire the great Stanislavsky, gain the friendship of Eleanora Duse; sojourn with L. on his yacht in the Mediterranean and his dahabeah on the Nile; adopt children by the score for her Grünewald School of the Dance; risk her career as a dancer to bear two beautiful children; reject D'Annunzio, because no other woman had; and wander weeping over the world when her children were killed.

In her wake trailed enthusiasm, pity and denunciation. Did she not glory in bearing children outside the bonds of holy

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wedlock? And did she not have many lovers? Of her love she says, "I hope that those to whom I gave it will remember it with the same pleasure as I do. I have not time to write about them all in these memoirs, any more than I can tell in one volume all the beautiful hours I have spent in forests or in fields, or the marvelous happiness I have had from the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven."

This passage bears the same date as her discovery of love as pleasure in place of love as tragedy. She was slower in making this discovery than most of those who are fated to make it. Her girlish love affairs were the idealistic imaginary kind. After her first great successes in Europe she used to spend the night alone, reading Kant and sipping milk. When she made the fateful discovery, she gave herself unreservedly to it. Once she had trembled before her lover; now she "closed over him like the sea." Her flower became full-blown. Perhaps it is because it became full-blown that many even of her admirers call her today "poor divine Isadora." We are all dumfounded by complete lack of caution and complete generosity, especially when they no longer carry the divine sanction of youth.

Her body was always surpassingly lovely. Her face, in various of the pictures given here, is equally lovely. Understanding, compassion and tolerance are in it.

From the first to the last, she was incredibly naïve and incredibly wise. She could observe of Strindberg that he refused to come to her concert even when she offered him a seat on the stage. She could say of herself that she was "never a vampire but always an inspirational." In her abandonment to pleasure she could become so dependent on passion that she was undone without it. Yet she never failed to thrill to beauty; to sleep on a board or go without meals in order to consummate some fantastic generosity; to know the difference between life and its various shadows. If the genius that lent her wings became at times a heavy burden, that is only to say that she was mortal.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

MINERS AND MURDER

(*Continued from page* 155)

even when an Italian is found dying from wounds he will not give the slightest inkling as to who the murderer was. Such is the code.

But Rinaldo Cappellini is also an Italian, one of these people's very own. Why their disaffection?

The answer involves the whole relation of a leader to his followers, his difficult and subtle task of keeping their confidence, of carrying them along with him. When Rebel Cappellini became President Cappellini, he was no longer an insurgent, but the administrator of a district embracing 100,000 miners, an executive under a written constitution, a signatory to agreements with powerful employing interests. Just after he took office, moreover, President Lewis urged upon the district presidents his central policy that contracts must be strictly enforced and observed. Alexander Howat was expelled when he continued to call strikes in Kansas contrary to union contracts. Thus Cappellini soon found himself faced with the task of keeping to orderly procedure, the very men he had once led in revolt. And to his new task he brought the same fierceness he had displayed as a rebel. He fined locals, removed officers, revoked charters.

It was over this very issue that Campbell and Cappellini finally broke. For Campbell, like the rank and file of the men, retained his faith in the strategy of 1920. Cappellini became a blood-and-iron chancellor of law and order; Campbell remained the idol of Pittston and in death became a martyr.

Yet Cappellini, I was told, is as much against the contract system as was Campbell, as is the individual Italian. We have only to turn to Mussolini to see another emotional rebel of this same race grasp the reins of administration and vent his will with the world applauding. But here the analogy stops. Under a constitutional system a leader must be able to educate his people as he himself becomes educated. In this Cappellini

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failed. He, as much as any man, knew the depth of Pittston's feeling against the contractor. He knew, too, Pittston's supreme confidence in the efficacy of direct action. As Cappellini grew to appreciate the intricacies of constitutions and agreements, he should have helped his erstwhile followers to formulate their grievances in a way which would overcome their fear of victimization, and should have guided them through the various stages of the adjustment machinery, a maze that passes the understanding of Tony Farrellio drilling and blasting coal in Number Six shaft.

INTERNAL trade-union politics also enters the picture—and brings confusion. A union is essentially a political organization, with conventions, elections, initiative, referendum and recall. In theory, it is a democracy, in which the rank and file decide policies and laws. In practice, just like a city, state or national government, it is run on a party system. Whether they call themselves communists, socialists, progressives or conservatives, "party" strife in trade unions is nine times out of ten a case of the "outs" against the "ins." The "outs" in District Number One were not slow to take advantage of the trouble in Pittston. Behind the meetings of the general grievance committees which have recently been held in the district denouncing Cappellini and demanding a district convention —at which it is rumored they hope to oust him—can be seen the guiding hand of men who have run in previous elections against the present officials. They disavow any personal aims. Their speeches certainly do not create the issues; but neither do they help straighten out the tangle in the collieries of the Pennsylvania Coal Company.

As for the company, the trouble at Pittston is in a sense a harvest from seeds sown long ago—the hiring of cheap foreign labor in large numbers and the extensive use of the contract system in its fight against the miners' union. "A fine mess I came into," is the cryptic way in which a high executive official put it to me. For he was appointed to his office in 1920 at the conclusion of the insurgent strike. Before coming to the coal fields, he had been coal traffic manager for a railroad. There his work had been primarily to solicit orders for coal—a salesman. Here he found himself handling thousands of workers scattered over a dozen properties—with questions of personnel thrust at him, promotions, discharges, the determination of wages and conditions, the adjustment of grievances. Asked whether he had ever thought of engaging a personnel director, he replied, "No—the union handles all labor matters." One cannot escape the feeling that, like many employers who deal with unions, the management in Pittston expects the United Mine Workers to carry the entire load of keeping peace within the industrial family. After all is said and done, the proper organization of work so as to keep down friction and grievances is a responsibility of management.

Given the history of Colliery Number Six, the re-introduction of the contract system was bound to lead to trouble. Perhaps the management thought of this eventuality and took a chance, feeling as it does that above all it must make its operations pay. Its technical reasons for the use of the contract system seem to have some weight. Thin veins can be worked best if mechanical loaders are used, a simple conically shaped metal device, worked by an engine, which scrapes down the coal after it has been blasted. A gang of at least twelve men is required for the efficient operation of one of these loaders. "Hence," says the management, "the reason for the contractor."

"But why can't the company organize a gang itself with a foreman in charge?" I asked one of the company's officials.

The reply came quickly: "I'll answer like the Irish by asking you, 'Wouldn't I do it if I could?' The simple fact is that the company can't get the men to work eight hours and the contractor can. When the miner works for us, he works on a piece basis; he stops when he has mined enough coal to yield him a satisfactory wage. He considers himself his own boss and we have no way of compelling him to go on. When he is hired by the contractor he must work eight hours or he is discharged. Well, you have seen our breakers. They cost a million or more apiece. Our equipment is expensive. Our overhead is large and whether a miner works a few hours or a full eight-hour day makes a vast difference in our daily tonnage and therefore in our overhead cost per ton."

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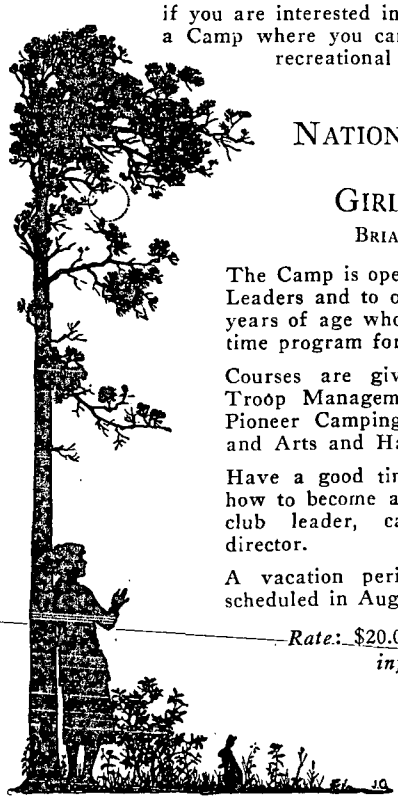

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In other industries, unions and management have discovered ways and means for grappling with just such difficulties. In the repair shops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, in the clothing factories of Chicago, and in printing, they have blazed new paths in recent years in devising ways to increase productive efficiency. Interestingly enough, the last agreement signed by the anthracite operators and the United Mine Workers early in 1926 called on the operators and miners to work out through their Board of Conciliation just such "a reciprocal program of cooperation and efficiency." But so far not a single step has been taken. Talks with leaders, local as well as national, reveal that they do not consider technical difficulties like those in Pittston as coming within the purview of "cooperation and efficiency." To union leaders such a program means most of all the check-off, by which union dues are collected by the company and transmitted directly to the union. To operators it means greater effort on the part of the union to eliminate stoppages during the life of the agreement.

What explains this limited conception? For one thing it goes back to the war footing of the industry. For years anthracite operators have fought against even recognizing the miners' union. Although the international officials of the union have, since 1902, always negotiated the agreements controlling industrial relations, they were for a long time permitted to sign them only as individuals representing the employes of the companies. It was not until 1916 that the president of the United Mine Workers and the three district presidents were permitted to sign in their official capacity an agreement negotiated in that year. Today miners' officials feel that the operators do not welcome any cooperation on their part in management. It remains for the employers in anthracite to give the lead.

PERHAPS what is needed, too, is some measure to supplement conciliation machinery. In existence since 1902, the latter provides for the adjustment of grievances through appeals ranging from the foreman, manager, district conciliation boards, a board of conciliation of the whole industry, to an umpire whose decision is final. On the whole, the leaders on both sides agree that this machinery has functioned well, but the rank and file feel that it is cumbersome and time-consuming. A whole year elapsed recently, for instance, between the submission of a case to the umpire and his award, in spite of the fact that the agreement provides that such awards shall be made within thirty days. It was a very complicated case and several hearings were necessary to secure all of the evidence. But as a matter of fact in very few instances, if any, is an award made within the prescribed period. Indeed, doubt exists whether it is at all possible to make decisions within thirty days. It is only after the reference of a case to the umpire that briefs are prepared and submitted to him. Workers are not trained in the methods of gathering and presenting evidence, and frequently in justice to the men themselves it is necessary for the umpire to ask for more facts even after the briefs are submitted. Here the union would seem to need a new type of expert service. Meanwhile the umpire, Charles P. Neill, can devote only part of his time to his duties. He has frequently asked to be released. But to this neither the operators nor the miners' officials will agree. They have the utmost confidence not only in his knowledge of the industry but also in his integrity and impartiality. They are determined not to replace him—no matter what delay must be incurred under present conditions—until there is absolutely no other course open to them.

But the tragedies in Pittston—where the real grievance underlying them was not brought out into open discussion until after it had driven the men to revolt—point to the need of some further measure that may operate continually not so much to adjust difficulties as to remove the causes that create them. In this direction Morris Llewellyn Cooke made a significant suggestion in the American Federationist last August—that agreements signed between employers and employes embody provisions for continuous joint research. Surely, with the technical guidance of mining engineers, a way might be found to organize a machine gang, for example, without jobbing it out to a contractor.

There is finally the question of national responsibility. Aggravating the situation in Pittston is the fact that the men

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have been working only two or thee days a week. They have not been earning an adequate weekly wage. The past winter has been a mild one, and the demand for domestic fuel has not been up to normal. Moreover, former consumers of anthracite have turned to substitutes such as oil and the smokeless bituminous of West Virginia. At present, anthracite operators are raising a large fund for an educational campaign to stimulate the greater use of anthracite. If its markets are not regained, there is danger that anthracite, too, may confront the fate which has long faced bituminous—overdevelopment and chronic unemployment.

Before 1925, anthracite was a relatively stable industry. Its miners were employed 90 per cent of the year as compared with 70 per cent in bituminous. It would be a calamity if this stability were permanently undermined by a shift in the market. Moreover, mere competitive warfare between various producers of fuel—substitutes as well as coal—must spell a wasteful exploitation of the country's resources. Clearly what is needed is a national scheme of control for fuel either within the industry, or such a federal commission as we already have for the railroads, to regulate production so that the needs of the country may be filled with a minimum of waste, material as well human. The United States Coal Commission and students of the coal industry generally have pointed out the necessity for just such a control. The current hearings before the Senate Interstate Commerce Commission on the bituminous strike have brought these proposals once more into the foreground of public discussion. The present plight of bituminous may at last lead to effective legislation which will, at once and for all, help put the industry, bituminous as well as anthracite, on a stable basis. Only thus can America eliminate a major factor underlying the continuous strife and the occasional bloodshed which has accompanied the **mining of coal.**

But whatever repercussions national policy may have upon Pittston, its immediate problem of turmoil and murder presents a challenge to the responsible leadership in anthracite. Some method of eliminating the contract system must be found. It frequently requires a major calamity, like flood or fire, to stir the imagination of men into framing measures necessary for prevention. The tragic deaths in Pittston may inaugurate that cooperation between operators and union leaders in anthracite which every one hoped for after the protracted strike of 1925-26 but which has so far failed of realization.

THE DOCTOR'S KIT OF TOOLS

(*Continued from page* 167)

fee was to be divided, much of the danger from the division would disappear. Unless the patient knows, the financial temptation to the doctor remains, and it is a severe temptation. Can it be controlled by pledge-taking? There is no body of facts with which to answer the question. The general public has hardly appreciated that fee-splitting exists, that it is a grave evil and that it is not only the doctor's problem but its own.

How have the transformations of medical practice affected the average doctor's income? The earnings of the successful surgeon or the distinguished consultant hardly concern us. What of the median man? With the possible exception of university teaching, medicine demands today a longer and more expensive training and apprenticeship, and progress during the early years of practice is slower, than in other professions. Over 60 per cent of the graduates of medical schools during 1925 and 1926 had an earlier bachelor's degree and most of the remainder had had at least two years of college. On this had followed four years of medical school and at least one year as intern in a hospital before remunerative practice could even begin. Dr. W. W. Keen, writing in the January Atlantic Monthly, says: "I have obtained from a number of interns in hospitals a statement of their actual expenses for their professional education as outlined above, and the average is practically $10,000." Except for men who start in fortunate positions, there is much unused time and small income during the initial years.

In 1922, the New York State Tax Commission published a report of the 1920 income tax returns according to occupa-

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tion, showing that of 13,910 returns from physicians "working for themselves":

5,632	or 41%	reported taxable incomes	not over		$3,000
4,644	or 33%	" " "	of $3,000	to	5,000
2,644	or 19%	" " "	of 5,000	to	10,000
736	or 05%	" " "	of 10,000	to	20,000
254	or 02%	" " "	of over		20,000
13,910	100%				

The interpretation of these figures is not clear. It would have been especially desirable to bring out the distinction between net and gross income. The run of the figures suggests that while the very high incomes secured by a few men undoubtedly lure every young medical optimist, three-quarters of physicians earn $5,000 or less. It is doubtful if the average gross income of the practicing physician in a city is more than $5,000 a year and in small communities it is certainly less. Testimony from many sources indicates that the expense of maintaining the doctor's office, his growing kit of tools and the service required to maintain them, his automobile, and so on, take from 30 to 50 per cent of his gross income. An estimate of one-third of gross income devoted to professional expenses, leaving only two-thirds for the doctor and his family, is not excessive. Moreover, when the doctor in private practice is ill or takes a vacation, his income stops. The financial result is often distressing, particularly to younger doctors, and is enhanced by the perennial problem of collecting bills. Every good doctor earns all he gets, but he doesn't get all he earns.

In former times these difficulties were partly met when the young physician attached himself as assistant to an established practitioner. They are partly met today by the development of salaried positions in hospitals and clinics and by work under public health services, voluntary health agencies, insurance companies and the growing field of industrial medicine. A considerable sample of the 1920 graduates of medical schools showed that 17.8 per cent had taken full-time and 20.7 per cent part-time positions. The percentage among recent graduates of all medical schools in the United States is probably lower than among this sample. Public work has greatly reduced such diseases as typhoid fever, malaria, and the summer diarrheas of children and has transferred much treatment of tuberculosis, syphilis and gonorrhea from individual private practice to hospitals and clinics. There have been compensating factors, it is true, returning to the medical profession income that has been taken away—such as salaried posts in health work and the education of the public to seek the doctor for illnesses that are neither grave nor emergent. But we do not know how nearly the gains have balanced the losses and it is highly probable that the doctors who have benefited most from the gains are not the ones who have suffered most from the losses.

BUT we must not lay too much stress upon the financial side of the doctor's calling. Private practice balances the lure of self-dependence against its risks and uncertainties. "Yesterday you may have been idle and today you may be busy," said a distinguished physician, speaking of the young doctor's life, "and of tomorrow you know nothing. But there is a tremendous stimulus in this very uncertainty, and in knowing that what you gain will be your own gain, with no orders and no price-fixing from a boss." From the same characteristics of his vocation arise those compensations to the physician which are above and beyond money. The typical doctor loves men and women and finds a high and profound stimulus in the daily intimacies with suffering and anxious fellow-beings, in the sense of power, the joy of helpfulness, the compulsions of responsibility. The intimate relation of doctor and patient may be observed in the hospital as well as in the home; and one sees it among men who serve for salaries as well as among those whose livelihood is from fees. It is inherent in the nature of the calling and will be evoked wherever fine men practice it.

Doctors and public alike have reason to scan with care that challenging "overhead," that 30, 40 or 50 per cent of professional expense which the doctor in individual private practice must carry. The cost of service to the patient is loaded by just this amount. To the young doctor, that overhead greatly increases the difficulties in getting a start. To all doctors the

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added cost of service diminishes the "volume of business," decreasing the number of patients who will summon doctors under conditions not dangerous or seriously distressing. To diminish the wide spread between net and gross income is a matter in which the interests of the physician and the public are at one. How can this be accomplished?

The public would be glad to see the price of butter and eggs lowered, and would be willing to let the butter-and-egg man take care of himself. But in medical service the public has a different kind of interest. Whether a doctor is earning $2,500 a year or $25,000, he carries for his patients the same legal and moral responsibility of life and death. No other profession has such an intimate and personal relation, at times such a supreme and tragic responsibility, to those it serves. There is hardly a family in the land to which this truth does not some time come home. The public which needs medical service and the physicians who furnish it have a common interest that physicians shall be well trained, adequately remunerated, and able to maintain the dignity and independence of position necessary to hold the highest grade of men and women within this profession. The public has good reason to want to cheapen doctoring, but by no means to cheapen doctors.

Clearly, organization is necessary if the complex modern tools of the art of healing are to be accessible to and within the means of all the patients who need them and all the doctors who know how to use them. The problem of maintaining a wholesome individualism under conditions of organization must be faced in the medical field as in other phases of social life.

What can be done to lessen the burden of sickness and its financial anxieties and disasters? What can social workers do about it—for themselves as victims—for the community as citizens? In a later article Mr. Davis will take up these challenging questions.

THE GIRL TRIBE

(*Continued from page* 159)

Nothing can be more dramatic than to witness a wage-earning girl face her wage-earning parents who have spent their money their way, and are aghast when she demands the same privilege. "But your mother has bought fancy sheets and towels for your chest," urged a thrifty father. "I don't want things in my chest. I want a new coat, and I'm going to buy it," retorted the stern-eyed daughter with her bills clutched in her purse. Fancy towels indeed! How charm the mate who is to wipe his face on the towels, unless she has good clothes? The code of the tribe is to earn wages as soon as possible before marriage, and as long as possible afterwards. And then to spend it as they choose. "Manage our money affairs any way but Mother's way," is their motto!

In contrast to this steadfast determination to earn an income, is the somewhat hazy outline of how it is to be done. Abstractions turn a trifle vague as they become concrete. "I don't know," is the most frequent answer to the question—"How do you expect to earn your living?" To any one who considers the younger generation all-knowing, we suggest asking the question as they leave school—*any* school, "What do you expect to do?" They may be anything from a seventh grader to a college graduate, but they are one in not knowing what to do next. Sometimes a bundle wrapper wants to be a cartoonist, "like that guy that draws Flapper Fanny." We hand her a pencil and ask her what she wants to draw. "I don't know." Sometimes the pride of her class wants to be a writer. "What do you want to write?" And again, "I don't know." Where do you want to go into business? What business? Where do you expect to get your training? What do you want to train for? What can you do? How much are you worth to any employer? What finished work can you show as a sample? How can you apply what you have learned? To all such questions, "I don't know" is the agonized reply. "I thought I'd like to give lectures," announced one girl. "What about?" "I don't know. Maybe Hamlet, or something," she faltered. The intentions of the tribe are brave

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and self-reliant. The majority of their vocational bents are shrouded in the fogs of "I don't know."

To say that the present generation any more than any other actually enjoys hard work and longs to do it if it can be avoided, is perhaps going a little too far. More tears are shed by the girls in the courtroom over the hard work that they had to do, than over any other indignities against their persons. And in many a college graduate burns the same resentment against routine. "Expect me to scrub concrete floors? Linoleum, but not concrete," sobs the first. "Expect me with my diploma to be a clerk?" protests the second. Apparently Eve no less than Adam finds sweat upon her brow a curse unless it is got there according to her liking. But whatever her training or talents, one rigid and universal requirement is that it shall leave her evenings free to entertain her "boy friend". She will get up at six if she must, but only starvation will get her into bed before twelve.

Like the rest of the savages who stalk through explorers' note-books, the girls of the tribe wear as few clothes as possible. There is no question that regardless of climate, the less they have on the better they are suited. Many are frank: "I have a pretty shape. Why not show it?" Others say nothing, but show it no less. We make no critical comment on these folkways. We know that actinic rays are healthful, and that tight clothes impeded circulation. We know even better, that as Shakespeare observed, "if ladies be but young and fair" they not only have a knack of finding it out but of knowing better than ony one else how to get the attention that they crave.

Certainly any appeal to a remnant of what used to be called personal modesty, is to appeal to a taboo that has lost its edge. The only girls whom we know who would object to parading anywhere in the scantiest of bathing suits would be those who would not look their best in such a costume. The rest would be more than ready. If the pretty ones—and most of them are that—decline to be embarrassed by any physical exhibition, they are perhaps a trifle more sensitive than former tribes to injustice. "Wasn't it rather vulgar?" (relative to display as primitive as that of a Fiji flapper.) As well address a fence post. "Was it not unfair?" and the girl writhes, if another is in trouble for her offense. If it is the aim of the Georgian to escape from the Victorian, it would seem as if the escape had been successfully made. Probably if we all had to dress in bathing suits, we should be more careful of our figures. It is doubtless far less noticeable if we overeat, behind a veil and hoops. Unfortunately the peak of the local tuberculosis death-rate is higher for girls at the courting age than for any other of the human species. Can it be that they eat and wear too little? And sacrifice too much sleep after a working day to make merry with the "boy friend"?

HAS the girl a philosophy? Perhaps not. But had her mother? If the latter hoped to marry sometime, have some children, and be supported somehow her daughter merely plans a similar program with sharper outlines. She intends to marry at a more specific date if she can bring it about, have a definite number of children at desirable intervals, and earn a definite sum toward the upkeep when she needs to. Mother was a trifle vague about where she came from. Daughter knows more about apes, cells, chromosomes, and complexes. Perhaps both are somewhat vague as to where they are going, except that daughter definitely does not want to go where Mother went. She wants a husband who does not have to work so hard and get so irritable as her father; a mother who is not left forlornly without occupation after her children leave home; and no more children than can comfortably have their teeth straightened and their tonsils out. And she is determined to have more of a grip on the bank account than her mother, to help to swell it with her own earnings, married or single, and to do so in chiffon stockings and silk underwear.

A simple philosophy perhaps. A little lacking in subtlety, in profundity, in poetry. But these girls are the product of a world bequeathed to them by the rest of us. In this distracted age they have never known the luxury of believing in anything else whole-heartedly. So for lack of other vision, they believe in themselves. If their philosophy is somewhat thin, it has grown in an atmosphere of disillusion. It has the stark outline of a tough, stunted tree clutching for its life in

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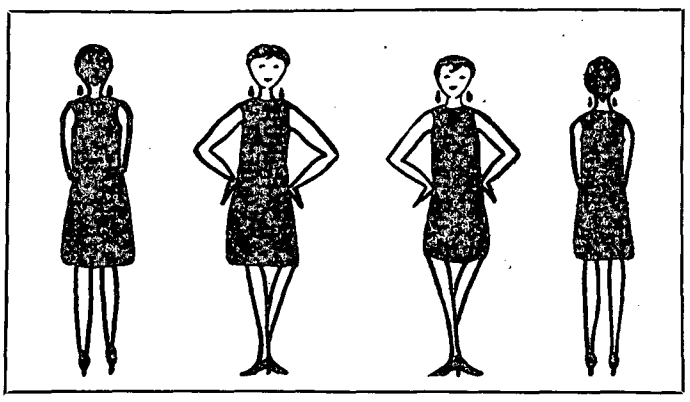
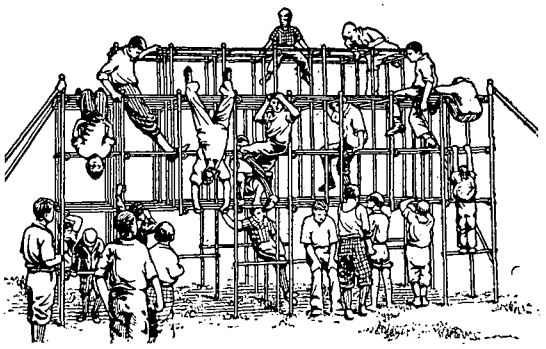
a sandy windbitten hill. If their joy of living has had to struggle to survive in a bewildered world, thank God it has succeeded. If it has survived at the expense of richness, of reticence, of depth, it is to be congratulated on having survived at all. If their formula of life is a trifle meager and complacent, at least it is frank, substantially just, and entirely devoid of malice.

WHILE the anthropologist points no morals, he is within his rights if he registers a few comments of the mothers of the tribe. As a class they frankly admit their inability to dazzle their own offspring. And they have a valid explanation: "We sacrificed to give our daughters what we did not have ourselves. Of course they excel us. We want them to." This is true enough. If the mothers were born in a mechanical age, between the dextrous crafts of their grandmothers and the more expert science of their daughters, as the latter would say, "It's their hard luck." As a matter of course, their children will surpass them. But have they the sagacity that comes with mature years, even without its ancient arts? Face an audience of mothers with the question, "How educate your daughters and for what?" and observe how much sagacious philosophy they have. As to their sons, they agree. But mention the daughters, and the snake has entered Eden. "Let her marry young—not so young—college—no college—earn money before marriage—afterwards too if she wants to—not earn at all—never marry a man who cannot support her—at least marry and help support the husband till he gets started—travel—stay at home and keep us company—professional training—no training—marry when they can afford children—marry and wait for the children—elaborate wedding—any kind of wedding they want—live with the old folks—live by themselves"—and so it goes. As one girl remarked, and many heads nodded assent, "The only thing our mothers agree on is that we must provide them with grandchildren. If we'll do that, they'll let us alone. Anything that prevents it, they'll fight." Shrewd young woman! Focusing the facts with an unsentimental, unwinking stare. After interviewing the mothers, to turn to the girls themselves is like escaping to a cool and quiet cellar from the hurricane which roars above. Not much in the cellar perhaps, but what there is is not hidden, is of well-defined if somewhat monotonous outline, and not without a certain canny grim solidity.

"If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" asks St. Paul. To adopt his vivid metaphor, we would suggest that the trumpets of the tribal elders sound as uncertain (magnificent word!) as Johnny taking his first lesson on the French horn. Perhaps if the mothers, assisted now and then by the fathers, the teachers, and all the rest of us, could agree to play one piece of music at a time; to tune all the trumpets, from tuba to trombone, to the same pitch; to draw a deep breath, and sustain the windy chorus with a finish that our younger listeners could admire and imitate, the youngsters might yearn to fit a little more agreeably into the tribal orchestra. It would require more practice than we have hitherto been willing to put upon our trumpeting, but the blasts might not be so uncertain. The youth of the tribe might listen to us, instead of laugh at us. They might consider us artists instead of "wagons." In time, they might even invent richer harmonies of their own.





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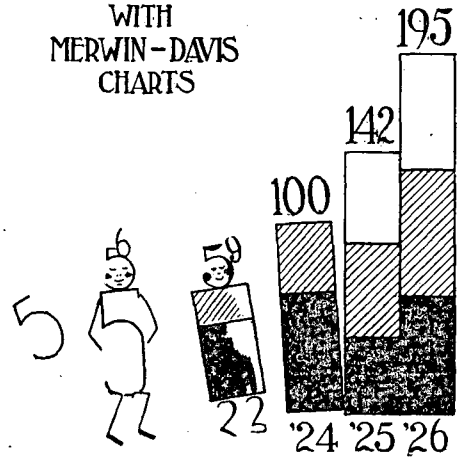

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All the nations, including the United States, are spending far more for militarism than they did in 1913 and perfecting machinery to spread death wholesale?

Do you know that General Pershing warned that another World War might destroy our Civilization?

And that General Allen (on his return to the U. S. A., after being in command of the American troops on the Rhine) said that Europe was heading for another war and should this occur the U. S. A. would find it impossible to remain neutral?

Preparedness Does Not Pay; Witness Europe's Condition Today

War does not protect; Think of what the women and children in Europe have suffered.

Do you know that wars do not happen; They are made; and that we, "The Public," can prevent future wars? Destroy war before it destroys mankind.

Do you know that since 1775 the United States Federal Government spent about $66,000,000,000, of which about $56,000,000,000, was for warfare?

Decide now that human life should always be held sacred and that the first human right is the right to life itself—organized killing is just as wrong as the murder of one man by another.

Resolve, as many brave men and women in this country and in Europe have resolved, that you will never support another war. If a sufficient number take this stand, there will never be another war.

Write at once to the President, your Senators and Congressmen to settle the difficulties in China, Nicaragua and Mexico by arbitration to prevent another World War.

Ask your organizations, labor, social and religious, to endorse a program of world peace and disarmament, and to send resolutions to their congressmen to that effect.

Also write to President Coolidge a postal or a letter, asking for a program of world peace and the outlawing of all war, and ask him to hurry the promised disarmament conference. Remember, your protest is important—*It helps mould public opinion*—Act without delay. Teach your children works of love and peace, instead of war and death. Let America be first to lead the world to peace and happiness out of chaos.

Heretofore, smaller causes have called for your support and loyalty. Now you are called to assist the greatest cause of all—to establish peace and good will among men.

Write or come to

The Peace House

Fifth Avenue and 109th Street, N. Y.

TELEPHONE UNIVERSITY 0796 — Sundays 2 to 10 P. M. — MRS. J. SERGEANT CRAM Founder and Director

SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 8:15 p. m.
Super Moving Picture: "BARBED WIRE"
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SEATS FREE ALL SUNDAY EVENINGS

Please sign and return this pledge to (or give name, if interested, and strike out pledge)

The Peace House
5th Ave. and 109th St., New York

Believing that violence and bloodshed are always wrong in principle and disastrous in practice and convinced that differences between nations as well as individuals are capable of peaceful settlement I declare my intention never to aid or support another war (International or Civil).

.....
Signature

.....

.....

DEMOCRATIZING THE BOSS

(*Continued from page* 163)

who had been receiving individual bonuses calling their attention to the inequitable way in which the limited individual bonus scheme was working out and suggesting a single bonus fund and the present basis for distributing it. The new plan would work out so that they would get very much less than they had figured to get on the old basis. They held several meetings in regard to the matter, as I afterwards learned, starting out with the feeling that they were being given a raw deal. But finally just by mere weight of the facts, they concluded that what I proposed was reasonable; so that was approved."

That word approved is highly significant in this context; it indicates a transition that is taking place in our general sense of the implications both of ownership and of democracy. These recipients of bonuses had no legal right to any reward beyond the salaries at which they had accepted employment. Morris Leeds, both as chief executive and majority stockholder, had the legal right to give and to take away. Had the relationship been simply that expressed in the old legal term "master and servant," when a master could do the whole job by himself and the servant was helpful but not functionally indispensable, the worst that could have happened would have been a resignation or two. But these men were not servants in that traditional sense; as I have noted, they were essentially externalized lobes of the chief executive's brain. It was a condition of his own administrative effectiveness that he should be able to hold them in harmonious adjustment to himself. Such men are not easy to find; neither is the development of this complete psychological adjustment easy. It was this practical consideration quite as much as considerations of abstract justice that led Morris Leeds to want their approval.

For much the same reason he approached the next step in the development of the bonus scheme in a somewhat different temper from that in which he had taken the first. Then he had simply himself "decided to give bonuses to three or four of my associates;" now it was the bonus group as a whole that "after protracted discussion" worked out the formula for the functional division of the single bonus-fund. Neither did they proceed arbitrarily. They subjected themselves to a functional rating. They decided that "the major as compared with the minor executives make a distinctly larger contribution to profits than is indicated by their salary ratio and so deserve a larger share of the bonus fund." Proceeding on this "principle," they classified themselves into five sub-groups, whose participation—not as individuals but as individual members of functional groups—ranges from a factor which is one-half salary in the lowest group to three times salary in the highest. A man in Group I gets, let us say, a salary of $10,000 and his participating factor is 3; a man in Group II gets a salary of $7,500 and his factor is 2; a man in Group III gets a salary of $5,000 and his participating factor is 1. Multiplying each factor by the corresponding salary, we have 30,000 for Group I, 15,000 for Group II, and 5,000 for Group III—a total of 50,000. Group I will get thirty-fiftieths of the bonus fund, Group II fifteen-fiftieths, and Group III five-fiftieths. In spite of this disparity in participation, all the members of the total bonus group have acquiesced in the arrangement because participation is based not on the arbitrary, even though magnanimous judgment of the chief executive, but upon an impersonal, clearly defined functional rating.

FOR the social significance of this bonus arrangement is not primarily in the bonus itself; it lies in the recognition by all members of the executive staff of their interdependence, their mutuality of interest in the success of the enterprise as a whole. Unless the business earns a profit, none of them receives a bonus; and in an organization where, after the model of the machine shop itself, the work is divided, departmentalized and functionalized, the failure of any one department may carry with it the failure of all. None of the "rights" which by public law inhere in ownership, even minority stock ownership, attaches to the bonus. The owner of the majority stock, in this case the chief executive himself, has the legal power to grant or withhold it. Recipients of the bonus as such do not share the owner's right to inside information as to assets, liabilities, prospects, plans and policies. The rare ripples of dissatisfaction which I have encountered among the men in the

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group have been caused by executive decisions made without consultation with them which have reduced the amount of the bonus fund. So long, however, as they have confidence in the chief executive, they acquiesce because of their conviction that a temporary loss will produce a long-time gain. But while the chief executive retains the right to make decisions and do things within his functional sphere without previous vote of the group, he tends to widen the range of the subjects about which he consults them and asks their approval. For in discussing the intimate affairs of the business with them, he is, as it were, discussing them with himself. His purpose is not to make money only, but also—the Quaker ideal—to create a self-perpetuating institution for the production of socially useful commodities, in which knowledge will be harnessed to social purpose. Through them, he becomes an institution. If death should take him, or he retire, it is essential that they should be able to carry on. They are the initiate. They know the "mysteries" of the business. They are his heir apparent.

WHAT has been the practical effect of these steps toward democratizing the executive brain? First, they have reduced the turnover in the executive staff almost to zero. As a member of the group said to me, they have acquired a sense of security in their jobs, they know that they will not be arbitrarily displaced and that they will not even be demoted unless, in the mature judgment of the group as a whole, they fail to live up to their responsibilities. Moreover, a man has a much greater incentive to remain on his job and develop it when he is assured that he has an opportunity to succeed to such portion of the management as, in the judgment of his peers, his abilities and service to the organization as a whole entitle him. Soon after the new bonus plan went into operation, the minor executives in the factory, without suggestion from the chief executive, initiated monthly meetings which have come to symbolize their community interest in the success of the enterprise as a whole. The common understanding thus engendered has made it much easier to iron out internal plant misunderstandings.

"Not very long ago," a department head told me, "certain men in the production department felt that a small group in the sales department had an exaggerated notion of their importance, that they were acting as though they were trying to run the whole place, including the manufacturing department. Representatives of the two departments got together and thrashed the whole matter out in the light of their common interest in the success of the enterprise and reached a full understanding." They realized that unless they could work together harmoniously, their friction would jeopardize the success of the business, make their salaried positions insecure and possibly wipe out the surplus from which the bonus is derived.

This sense of interdependence has carried beyond the factory itself into the relations of the factory with its customers. When, for example, I ask the head of the sales department to tell me what his job is, he answers: "The sales department is charged with the primary responsibility of looking out in our plant for the interests of the customer. We look on ourselves as his personal representative here, to see that he gets all that it is reasonable for him to expect. The production department is primarily responsible for seeing that the best interests of the company are taken care of in each particular transaction. In commerce, these two sets of interests frequently conflict and develop friction, but where the attitude we have been discussing pervades the two branches of the organization, it awakens a sense of interdependence so that cooperation overcomes conflict and leads to a decision

(*Continued on page* 208)

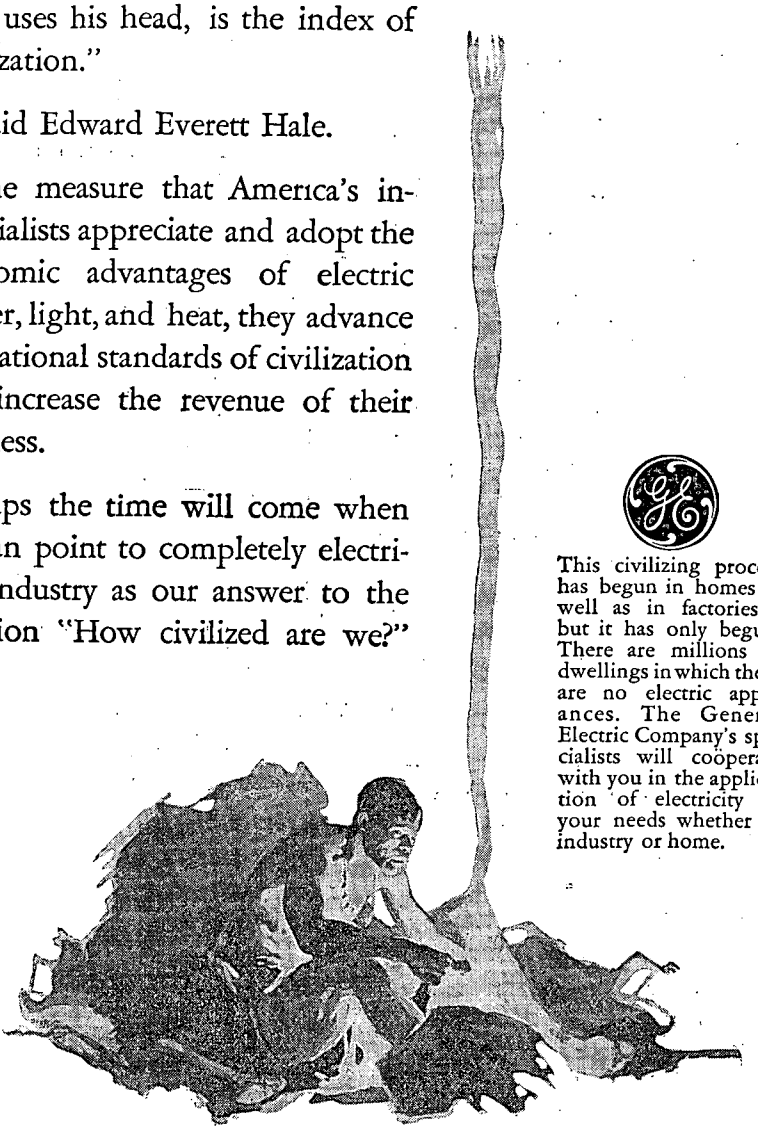
How civilized are we?

"THE extent to which the world has changed the laborer who uses his body into the workman who uses his head, is the index of civilization."

So said Edward Everett Hale.

In the measure that America's industrialists appreciate and adopt the economic advantages of electric power, light, and heat, they advance the national standards of civilization and increase the revenue of their business.

Perhaps the time will come when we can point to completely electrified industry as our answer to the question "How civilized are we?"



This civilizing process has begun in homes as well as in factories—but it has only begun. There are millions of dwellings in which there are no electric appliances. The General Electric Company's specialists will cooperate with you in the application of electricity to your needs whether in industry or home.

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THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF HOSPITAL SOCIAL WORKERS—18-20 E. Division St., Chicago, Ill. Miss Helen Beckley, Executive Secretary.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR OLD AGE SECURITY—Aim: to promote through legislation adequate provisions for the dependent aged in the United States. Bishop Francis J. McConnell, president. A. Epstein, executive secretary, 104 Fifth Ave., New York City.

AMERICAN BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE, INC.—Margaret Sanger, President, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Purpose: To teach the need for birth control to prevent destitution, disease and social deterioration; to amend laws adverse to birth control; to render safe, reliable contraceptive information accessible to all married persons. Annual membership, $2.00 to $500.00. Birth Control Review (monthly), $2.00 per year.

AMERICAN CHILD HEALTH ASSOCIATION—370 Seventh Ave., New York. Herbert Hoover, President; Philip Van Ingen, M.D., Secretary; S. J. Crumbine, M.D., General Executive. Objects: Sound promotion of child health, especially in cooperation with the official health and education agencies.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ORGANIZATIONS FOR THE HARD OF HEARING, INC.—Promotes the cause of the hard of hearing; assists in forming organizations. Pres., Dr. Horace Newhart; Secretary, Betty C. Wright, 1601—35th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

AMERICAN FOUNDATION FOR THE BLIND, INC.—President, M. C. Migel, 125 East 46th St., New York. Studies ways of improving the condition of the blind; promotes the establishment of necessary public and private agencies; works for the enactment of Federal and State Legislation designed to promote the best interests of the blind. Supported by voluntary contribution.

AMERICAN HOME ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION—Alice L. Edwards, executive secretary, 617 Mills Bldg., Washington, D. C. Organized for betterment of conditions in home, school, institution and community. Publishes monthly Journal of Home Economics; office of editor, 617 Mills Bldg., Washington, D. C.; of business manager, 101 East 20th St., Baltimore, Md.

AMERICAN SOCIAL HYGIENE ASSOCIATION—370 Seventh Ave., New York. To provide a better understanding of the social hygiene movement; to advance sound sex education, to combat prostitution and sex delinquency; to aid public authorities in the campaign against the venereal diseases; to advise in organization of state and local social-hygiene programs. Annual membership dues $2.00 including monthly journal.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER—Dr. George A. Soper, managing director, 25 West 43rd Street, New York. To collect, collate and disseminate information concerning the symptoms, diagnosis, treatment and prevention. Publications free on request. Annual membership dues, $5.00.

AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS (O.S.)—(Organized, 1917)—637 Madison Avenue, New York. Chairman, Esther Lovejoy, M.D.; Treasurer, Mathilda K. Wallin, M.D. Conducts hospitals and food stations for refugees in Greece, and medical centers in Macedonia and Western Thrace. Continuing assistance to medical work in France, Serbia, Russia and Japan.

ASSOCIATED GUIDANCE BUREAU, INC.—16 East 53rd Street, New York. Telephone: Plaza 9512. A non-sectarian, non-philanthropic child guidance bureau, employing highest social work standards. Supplies, trains, and supervises carefully selected governesses, tutors, companions, and play leaders. For information address Jess Perlman, Director.

ASSOCIATION OF VOLUNTEERS IN SOCIAL SERVICE—151 Fifth Avenue. Volunteer Placement, Education, Publications. Mrs. Geer, Pres. Mrs. Campbell, Sec'y.

THE BOY CONSERVATION BUREAU—90 West Broadway. Suggests all-the-year-round Home Schools for needy boys. Tel. Walker 0313. E. W. Watkins, Exec. Sec'y.

CHILD WELFARE COMMITTEE OF AMERICA, INC.—730 Fifth Avenue, New York. To secure home life for normal dependent children in preference to institutions; to secure Mothers' Allowance laws in states having none; to urge adequate appropriations for home aid; to promote proper laws affecting adoption, boarding out and placing out of dependent children; to aid in the enforcement of these laws. States Council of Committee comprises volunteer representatives in practically every state. Sophie Irene Loeb, President; Governor Alfred E. Smith, Honorary President; Margaret Woodrow Wilson, First Vice-President; Edward Fisher Brown, Executive Secretary.

THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, INCORPORATED—Dobbs-Ferry-on-Hudson, New York. A national, non-sectarian training school scientifically equipped for the study, education and development of problem boys and girls, on commitment and by private arrangement—ages 7 to 16. Supported largely by voluntary contributions. For further information address Leon C. Faulkner, Managing Director.

Bigger and Better Crimes!

A WELL KNOWN BOOK publishing house announces that it is organizing a Crime Club. If you join you receive a book a month about crime; and bulletins and leaflets keeping you abreast of the latest and most unusual adventures outside the law.

What a life, when even our escape literature is organized! What price Survey Graphic, with such competition? Yet the Graphic, too, is escape literature—escape from the emotional immaturity that demands its daily ration of sensations, escape from the newspaper headlines into a world that lies behind them.

Which, in the long run, would give *you* the most satisfaction—to creep to bed startled by a creaky floor board, or to knock out your pipe (or shake down your hair, as the case may be) and plan for a tomorrow that has some purpose in the fitness of things?

Join the Crime Club and shun reality? Or be a Survey Associate and see the world?

COMMISSION ON INTERRACIAL COOPERATION—409 Palmer Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.; Will W. Alexander, Director. Seeks improvement of interracial attitudes and conditions through conference, cooperation, and popular education. Correspondence invited.

COUNCIL ON ADULT EDUCATION FOR THE FOREIGN-BORN—280 Madison Avenue, New York. Community organization and clearing-house for education and citizenship among the foreign-born. Publishes bulletins and serves as counselling agency. Chairman, John H. Finley; Treasurer, William H. Woodin; Secretary, Robert T. Hill.

COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS—105 East 22d St., New York. Florence E. Quinlan, Executive Secretary. Composed of the Protestant national women's home mission boards of the United States and Canada. Purpose: To unify effort by consultation and cooperation in action.
- Migrant Work, Laura H. Parker, Secretary.
- Religious Work Directors in Government Indian Schools.
- Bureau of Reference for Migrating People, follow-up of New Americans.
- Women's interdenominational groups—state, county, and local—are affiliated.

EYE SIGHT CONSERVATION COUNCIL OF AMERICA—L. W. Wallace, President; Guy A. Henry, General-Director, Times Bldg., New York. Conducts a national educational campaign to promote eye hygiene. Urges correction of eye defects, protection against hazards, proper lighting. Comprehensive publications—lantern slides—lecture material. Cooperation of social agencies invited.

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA—Constituted by 28 Protestant communions. Rev. C. S. Macfarland and Rev. S. M. Cavert, Gen. Sec's; 105 E. 22nd Street, New York City.
- Dept. of Research and Education, Rev. F. E. Johnson, Sec'y.
- Commissions: Church and Social Service, Rev. W. M. Tippy, Sec'y; International Justice and Goodwill: Rev. S. L. Gulick, Sec'y; Church and Race Relations: Dr. G. E. Haynes, Sec'y.

FOUNDATION FOR STUDY OF PROHIBITION AND THE NEGRO—H. J. Mason, Director, Research and Publicity. M. W. Dogan, President; I. Garland Penn, Founder.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE—Trains Negro youth for community service. Collegiate work in Education, Agriculture, Home Economics, Business, Library Science, Building Construction, and Summer School. Publishes the "Southern Workman." Free material concerning the Negro and race relations. James E. Gregg, principal.

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THE LEAGUE TO ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—A national organization. 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dr. George W. Kirchwey, Chairman; Vivian Pierce, Executive Secretary. Organized to abolish capital punishment in every state and in the District of Columbia. Annual membership $1, $5, $10, and $100, including monthly Bulletin.

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LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY—Promotes a better understanding of problems of democracy in industry through its pamphlet, research and lecture services and organization of college and city groups. Executive Directors, Harry W. Laidler and Norman Thomas, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TRAVELERS AID SOCIETIES—25 West 43rd Street, New York. Marcus L. Bell, President; Sherrard Ewing, General Director; Miss Harriet E. Anderson, Director of Field Work. Represents co-operative efforts of member Societies in extending chain of service points and in improving standards of work. Supported by the Societies, supplemented by gifts from interested individuals.

NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president; Miss Mabel Cratty, general secretary, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This organization maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries to cover work in the United States in 1,034 local Y. W. C. A.'s on behalf of the industrial, business, student, foreign born, Indian, Colored and younger girls. It has 159 American secretaries at work in 49 centers in the Orient, Latin America and Europe.

NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Wiley H. Swift, acting general secretary, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York. To improve child labor legislation; to conduct investigation in local communities; to advise on administration; to furnish information. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100 includes monthly publication, "The American Child."

NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE ASSOCIATION, INC. (est. 1912, incorp. 1914), 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (tel. Algonquin). Promotes as its chief object the building of character in the children of America through the harmonious development of their bodies, minds, and spirits. Its method is, in co-operation with other organizations, to originate and disseminate educational material in the form of posters, books, bulletins, charts, slides, and insignia. Through its "Knighthood of Youth" it provides homes, schools and church schools with a method of character training through actual practice. Officers: Dr. John H. Finley, Pres.; Charles F. Powlison, Gen. Sec'y.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR MENTAL HYGIENE, INC.—Dr. William H. Welch, honorary president; Dr. Charles P. Emerson, president; Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, medical director; Dr. Clarence J. D'Alton, executive assistant; Clifford W. Beers, secretary; 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Pamphlets on mental hygiene, mental and nervous disorders, feebleminded-ness, epilepsy, inebriety, delinquency, and other mental problems in human behavior, education, industry, psychiatric social service, etc. "Mental Hygiene," quarterly, $3.00 a year; "Mental Hygiene Bulletin" monthly, $.50 a year.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS—Lewis H. Carris, Managing Director; Mrs. Winifred Hathaway, Associate Director; B. Franklin Rover, M.D., Medical Director; Eleanor P. Brown, Secretary, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York. Studies scientific advances in medical and pedagogical knowledge and disseminates practical information as to ways of preventing blindness and conserving sight. Literature, exhibits, lantern slides, lectures, charts and co-operation in sight-saving projects available on request.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—Sherman C. Kingsley, president, Chicago, Ill.; Howard R. Knight, sec'y, 277 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio. The conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The fifty-fourth annual meeting of the Conference will be held in Memphis, Tenn., May 2nd-9th, 1928. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS—Mrs. A. H. Reeve, President. Mrs. A. C. Watkins, Executive Secretary, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. To develop cooperation between home and school, and an informed public opinion which will secure highest advantages for all children.

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NATIONAL FEDERATION OF DAY NURSERIES—(org. 1898), Room 907, 105 East 22nd St., New York (tel. Gramercy 5258). To unite in one central body all day nurseries; to endeavor to secure the highest attainable standard; to act as a central bureau for information in regard to existing day nurseries, and for the publication and distribution of literature that may prove helpful in the organization of new day nurseries. Mrs. Herman M. Biggs, Pres.; Mrs. William A. Baldwin, Treas.; Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, Sec'y; Miss H. M. Sears, Exec. Sec'y.

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To organize public opinion and support for health work among colored people.
To create and stimulate health consciousness and responsibility among the colored people in their own health problems.
To recruit, help educate and place young colored women in public health work.
Work supported by memberships and voluntary contributions.

THE NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR INSTITUTION EXECUTIVES AND OTHER WORKERS—At the Children's Village, Dobbs-Ferry-on-Hudson, New York. To furnish adequate training to properly qualified people wishing to engage in, or already engaged in, institution work. Provide opportunity for carefully guided study in all phases of institution management and activities. Aims to furnish a trained personnel for child caring Institutions. The first and only school of its kind in the country. For further information address Leon C. Faulkner, Managing Director.

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE—For social service among Negroes. L. Hollingsworth Wood, pres.; Eugene Kinckle Jones, exec. sec'y; 17 Madison Ave., New York. Establishes committees of white and colored people to work out community problems. Trains Negro social workers. Publishes "Opportunity"—a "journal of Negro life."

NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION—Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president; Headquarters, 1730 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. To secure effective enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, to advance the welfare of the American people through the department of Child Welfare, Economics of Prohibition, Social Morality, Scientific Temperance Instruction, Racial Groups, and other allied fields of endeavor. Official publication: "The Union Signal" published at Headquarters.

NATIONAL WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE—Mrs. Raymond Robins, honorary president; Miss Rose Schneiderman, president; 311 South Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Stands for self-government in the work shop through organization and also for the enactment of protective legislation. Information given.

PLAYGROUND AND RECREATION ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—315 Fourth Ave., New York City. Joseph Lee, president; H. S. Braucher, secretary. To bring to every boy and girl and citizen of America an adequate opportunity for wholesome, happy play and recreation. Playgrounds, community centers, swimming pools, athletics, music, drama, camping, home play, are all means to this end.

RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION—For the Improvement of Living Conditions—John M. Glenn, dir.; 130 E. 22nd St., New York. Departments: Charity Organization. Delinquency and Penology, Industrial Studies, Library, Recreation, Remedial Loans, Statistics, Surveys and Exhibits. The publications of the Russell Sage Foundation offer to the public in practical and inexpensive form some of the most important results of its work. Catalogue sent upon request.

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THE WOMEN'S FOUNDATION FOR HEALTH, Inc.—370 Seventh Ave., New York. Lenna L. Means, M.D., Med. Dir. To create, among the apparently well, an individual and community health consciousness by interpreting the technique of the health examination and a definitely prescribed health building program with Positive Health as the ultimate goal. Official Text: Handbook on Positive Health, $1.50. Courses in Good Body Mechanics adapted to group and individual needs.

WORKER'S EDUCATION BUREAU OF AMERICA—A cooperative Educational Agency for the promotion of Adult Education among Industrial Workers. 476 West 24th Street, New York City. Spencer Miller, Jr., Secretary.

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WANTED: Active Director of large Settlement Girls' Camp. Person of culture and experience desired. 6091 SURVEY.

WANTED—Graduate nurse in child caring institution in Philadelphia. 6077 SURVEY.

WANTED: A trained social case worker by family organization in southern city. Salary $125 a month. 6080 SURVEY.

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WORKERS WANTED

TRAINED EXPERIENCED FAMILY CASE WORKER—experienced in Children's Aid work—to divide time between both types of work in supervisory capacity. Salary $1800.00. State age, health, general education, training, experience. Address County Welfare Association, Clayton, Mo.

The National Training School for Institution Executives and Other Workers, at Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, New York, will be glad to recommend students for positions in institutions and child welfare organizations. You may communicate your needs to: Leonard W. Mayo, Acting Dean, The National Training School, Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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Is a 80-pp. ill. handbook—it's FREE. Home-study Domestic Science courses, for teaching, institution management, etc., and for home making efficiency. Am. School of Home Economics, 849 E. 58th St., Chicago

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PSYCHIATRIST, interested in establishing school for Problem Children anywhere, to share responsibility with experienced institution executive who has studied such children for years. No interruption of present activities required. 6076 SURVEY.

The COLLEGIATE SERVICE, Inc.
Occupational Bureau for College Women
11 East 44th Street
New York City
Social Work Dept. in charge of Pauline R. Strode, Ph.B. University of Chicago and graduate of Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy

SITUATIONS WANTED

YOUNG WOMAN EXECUTIVE with education and training in social work, twelve years' experience in rural and industrial fields in East and West, wishes a challenging organization job where knowledge of case work is used in child welfare. South of East preferred. 6021 SURVEY.

EXECUTIVE, at present engaged as executive director large institution, New York City; available responsible position administrative business management. Highly educated, speaks several languages, creative ideas, systematizer. Forceful. Thorough knowledge music (piano, directing, sight reading), expert typist. Married, 36 years of age. One daughter fifteen. Would consider maintenance. Wife expert house manager. Highest credentials. 6081 SURVEY.

FAMILY CASE WORKER, who is also experienced Public Health Nurse, at present employed wishes to make a change. 6083 SURVEY.

EXECUTIVE: Woman, capable of supervising children's activities. Trained kindergartner, playground director, physical director, community centre organizer. Wants challenging work with large organization. 6084 SURVEY.

WOMAN, thoroughly experienced in delinquent field (familiar with court procedure), desires position with organization or institution. 6085 SURVEY.

AN EXPERIENCED SOCIAL CASE WORKER would like position with Institution, as case worker. Available May first. 6086 SURVEY.

LIBRARIAN, with experience in economic research work, and knowledge of Russian, German, and French, desires part time work. 6087 SURVEY.

YOUNG MAN, desires position in fall, in institutional boys' work. Successful boys' worker of over twelve years experience. Former teacher, and principal. Excellent references. 6059 SURVEY.

EXECUTIVE, 31—Varied experience, familiar with institutional child care, vocational guidance, adaptable, ten years managerial capacities, desires connection at once with orphanage or allied organization. 6029 SURVEY.

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LIBRARIAN, college graduate, teaching experience, desires position in social settlement, childrens home or like, where his experience can be used. 6092 SURVEY.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, 38, with 10 years experience as case worker, boys' worker and recreation director wishes resident position in children's home, correctional institution, settlement house or summer camp. Best of references. 6090 SURVEY.

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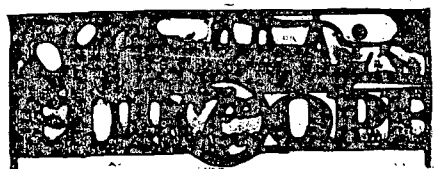

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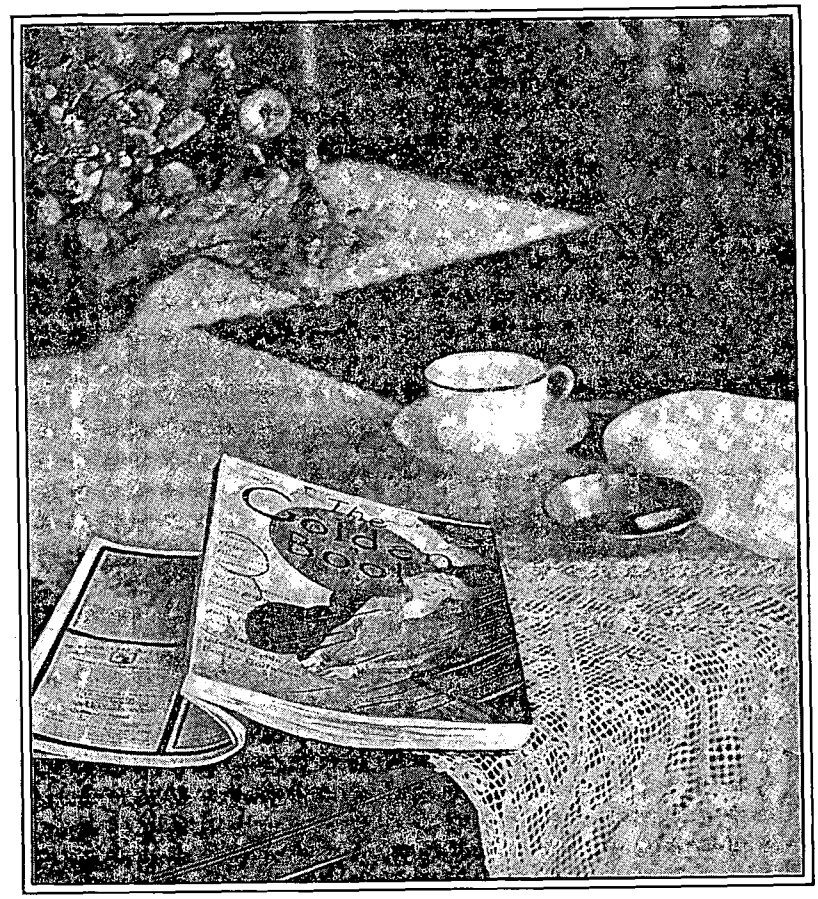

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of SURVEY GRAPHIC, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1928.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Kenderdine, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the SURVEY GRAPHIC and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Survey Associates, Inc., 112 East 19 Street, New York City; Editor, Paul U. Kellogg, 112 East 19 Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Arthur Kellogg, 112 East 19 Street, New York City; Business Manager, John D. Kenderdine, 112 East 19 Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Survey Associates, Inc., 112 East 19 St., New York City, a non-commercial corporation under the laws of the State of New York with over 1,900 members. It has no stocks or bonds. President, Robert W. deForest, 30 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.; Vice-Presidents, Julian W. Mack, 1224 Woolworth Building, New York, N. Y.; V. Everit Macy, "Chilmark," Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Robert Hallowell, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.; Secretary, John P. Gavit, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.; Treasurer, Arthur Kellogg, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

[Signed] JOHN D. KENDERDINE, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1928.

[Seal] MARTHA HOHMANN, Commissioner of Deeds, City of New York. New York Co. Clerk's No. 184. New York Co. Register's No. 28079. My Commission expires May 25, 1928.

(*Continued from page* 201) which, in the light of the community of interest between themselves and between them and the customer, is the most equitable to all concerned."

Increasingly members of the sales department have ceased to be mere salesmen and have developed the skills and attitudes of engineers. They are interested in solving the technical problems of their customers because that means a widening of their markets; and the technical men in their customers' factories are interested in sharing their knowledge because it is to their advantage that the Leeds & Northrup Company should be in the best possible position to produce the instruments upon which their own best practices depend and which they themselves do not manufacture. There thus arises among factories producing parts of our total industrial equipment something of that same sense of community of interest which characterizes the relationships of executives in factories where in response to the demands of the machine and mass production, executive functions have been divided and reintegrated through such devices as the bonus.

AS distinguished from this emerging machine-made Peace Pattern, one strikingly curious survival of the Hunting Age pattern is the tendency among this entire group of executives to assume that there is some mystical correlation between their economic and functional status and their inherited intellectual capacity. When one asks them why the rewards of the bonus are limited to some sixty-five out of a total force of approximately six hundred, they suggest that it is a law of human nature as of biology that the capacity for initiative and leadership is limited to the few. None of them, so far as I have been able to ascertain, has read the report of the Committee on Classification of Personnel in the Army, or any of the many volumes recently produced by the expert manipulators of the I.Q. But it is interesting to note the close correspondence between the sixty-five in six hundred to the "ten in a hundred" rated by the committee as of superior intelligence. More than once I have heard it said in the factory that in a group of one hundred it would be found, on a liberal estimate, that not more than 33 per cent would be found to have even latent capacity for leadership, while the remaining 66 per cent would fare best when most magnanimously led—a statement which recalls the reluctant conclusion of the committee of the Army called into being to make the world safe for democracy, that "however profoundly one may be committed to the social theory of Rousseau and Jefferson that all men are created equal, every employer and every officer in command of troops knows that there are enormous inequalities of skill and talent."

But Morris Leeds, as a Quaker employer and a man of scientifically experimental outlook, while impressed, does not permit such apparently cogent evidence to restrict his effort to widen the circle of conscious mutuality and functional integration. He recognizes that those who have the primary responsibilities of management must deal with ranges of problems requiring such specialized training that there are comparatively few men available and competent to deal with them. Accordingly, while he does not believe in the democracy of "equality of power with equality of reward," he does believe in the fullest opportunity "for each to rise to the level of reward and power for which he is qualified." Of course, equality of opportunity in the world at large is quite a different thing from equality of opportunity after a man has been taken into the service of a factory. As John B. Watson observes, "what our advocates of freedom and equality in 1776 took no account of is that the Deity himself could not equalize forty-year-old individuals who have such different environmental training as have the American people."

But both as a matter of social idealism and also and more especially, because a growing organization needs to be watching out for individuals capable of sharing executive responsibility, Morris Leeds has bent every effort to keep the channels of opportunity open. There may be a law of the 33 per cent and the 66 per cent, but one never knows in advance who the 33 per cent are. That is the saving grace of the doctrine; in order to discover the 33 per cent, the fullest opportunity for development and advancement must be spread over the one hundred. This has given rise in the Leeds & Northrup factory to development of the Leeds & Northrup Cooperative Association, to which all members of the organization from the president to the latest comer in the ranks belong. That will be the theme of my next article.

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